

AUG.-SEPT.

52 PAGES OF THRILLS!

No. 31

A  
PRIZE  
PUBLICATION

IND.

# HEADLINE COMICS

10¢

## CRIME NEVER PAYS

based on  
**TRUE  
POLICE  
AND FBI  
CASES**

I'VE HANDLED  
TOUGHER KILLERS  
ON OKINAWA, CHIEF!  
I'LL BRING HIM  
DOWN!

COME BACK, WALLACE!  
THAT PUNK IS GUN-CRAZY!  
I DON'T WANT ANY  
**DEAD HEROES** ON  
MY FORCE!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**Reducing Specialist Says:**



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

**LOSE WEIGHT**

**where it shows most**

**REDUCE**

**most any part of the body with**

**SPOT REDUCER**



Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**  
**With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL**

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.



Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

**FREE**

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. PC-9  
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City  State



This TRUE expose of the methods used by pickpockets and shop-lifters can help keep YOU from becoming one of their victims! READ IT CAREFULLY!

THE AVERAGE PERSON IS APT TO SHRUG OFF THE OPERATIONS OF PICK-POCKETS AND SHOP-LIFTERS AS PETTY THIEVERY! BUT YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME--- IT'S ANYTHING BUT PETTY! INDIVIDUALS AND BUSINESSES ANNUALLY LOSE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS THROUGH THE KNAVERY OF CROOKED SLEIGHT-OF-HAND ARTISTS! I OUGHT TO KNOW!

# I WAS A SHOPLIFTER in an organized PICKPOCKET GANG!



MOLLIE-  
THE-LIFT



LIGHTFINGER  
FRED



DON LANE

In consideration of innocent persons involved, all names in this true story are fictitious.

"I WAS LESS THAN FOUR YEARS OLD WHEN I LEARNED THE HARDSHIPS OF BEING POOR..."



MOMMY! I WANT A LOLLYPOP! CAN I HAVE ONE, MOMMY?

SHH--NOT TODAY, SUE! PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME!

BUT, MOMMY, (SOB)- YOU ALWAYS TELL ME THAT (SOB)! WHY CAN'T I HAVE A LOLLYPOP!

OH, SUE DARLING! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND! IT TAKES MONEY TO BUY CANDY!-- AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY TO SPARE! OH, MY POOR, BABY!





# HEADLINE

"I BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO NOT HAVING SWEETS, MOVIE MONEY OR NEW CLOTHES-- BUT I HATED IT! I GREW SENSITIVE, FRUSTRATED!! WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN I SUFFERED A BITTER EXPERIENCE...



SUE, WILL YOU GO TO THE JUNIOR HOP WITH ME NEXT WEEK?

WHY, I'D LOVE TO, JOHNNY!

THAT'S GREAT, SUE! BUT WHY THE SUDDEN FROWN? REMEMBERED A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT?



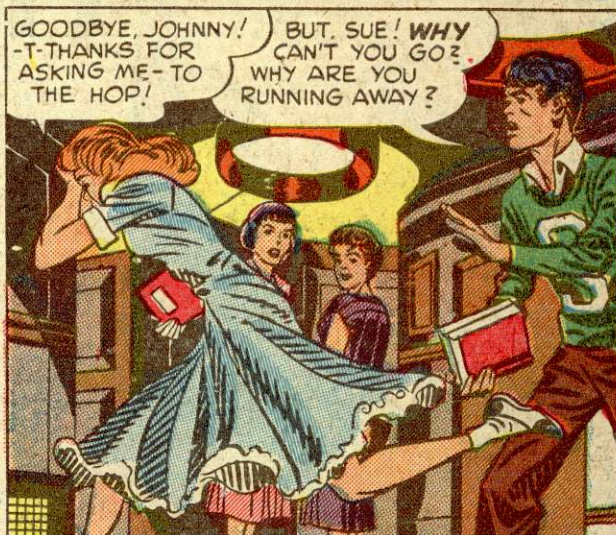
PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT! HOW CAN I TELL, JOHNNY THAT GOING WITH HIM MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME-- YET I CAN'T GO BECAUSE THE DANCE IS FORMAL --AND I HAVEN'T A DECENT DRESS TO MY NAME -- THAT I'D LOOK LIKE A RAG-BAG-- BE LAUGHED AT!

OH, JOHNNY, --I CAN'T GO WITH YOU-- PLEASE DON'T ASK ME WHY-- -I-I JUST CAN'T!



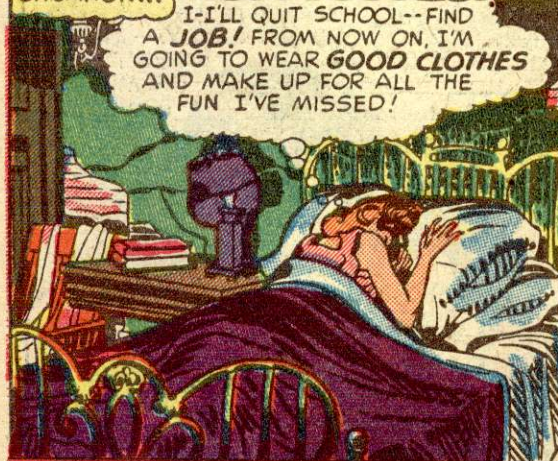
GOSH, SUE! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY THE TEARS?

GOODBYE, JOHNNY! -T- THANKS FOR ASKING ME-- TO THE HOP!



BUT, SUE! WHY CAN'T YOU GO? WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY?

"I SOBBED MYSELF TO SLEEP ON MY SHABBY BED BUT NOT BEFORE I MADE UP MY MIND TO DO SOMETHING TO IMPROVE MY DEPLORABLE SITUATION...



I-I'LL QUIT SCHOOL-- FIND A JOB! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO WEAR GOOD CLOTHES AND MAKE UP FOR ALL THE FUN I'VE MISSED!

"I SECURED A JOB BEHIND THE COSTUME JEWELRY COUNTER IN ALLENBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE FOR TWENTY TWO DOLLARS A WEEK... IT WAS MORE MONEY THAN MY ALLOWANCE AFFORDED FOR A MONTH! FOR A SHORT TIME MY LOT IMPROVED A BIT-- THEN FATHER DIED ---AND I WAS LEFT TO SUPPORT MOTHER.

OH, SUSY-- YOUR FATHER'S GONE! WHAT WILL WE DO NOW? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?



DON'T WORRY, MOTHER, I'VE GOT MY JOB. WE'LL MANAGE TO GET ALONG SOMEHOW!



# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

"I SOON FOUND HOW FAR TWENTY TWO DOLLARS A WEEK WOULD GO TO SUPPORT TWO PEOPLE... EVERY CENT OF MY INCOME WAS NEEDED FOR THE FAMILY BUDGET.. TWO YEARS LATER, THINGS TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE.. MOTHER FELL ILL!

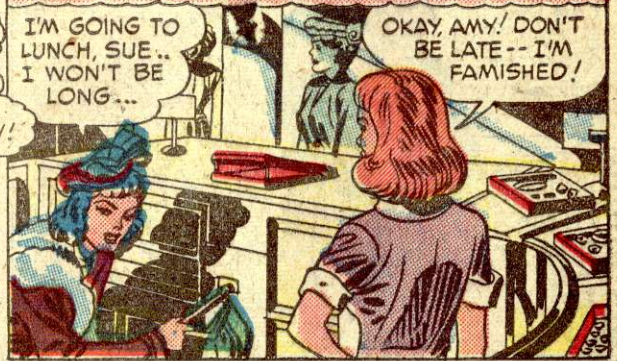
"IT WAS SOON AFTER MOTHER WAS TAKEN TO THE SANITARIUM THAT I SAW THE CHANCE TO MAKE SOME REAL MONEY... I FELT BITTER-- THE VICTIM OF A WORLD CONSPIRACY TO KEEP ME UNHAPPY... THAT'S WHY I TOOK THE DUBIOUS OPPORTUNITY OFFERED TO ME BY AMY GIFFORD, THE GIRL WHO WORKED WITH ME BEHIND THE JEWELRY COUNTER!

I'M AFRAID YOUR MOTHER MUST BE SENT TO A SANITARIUM, MISS DECKER... OTHERWISE, I WON'T ANSWER FOR THE CONSEQUENCES...

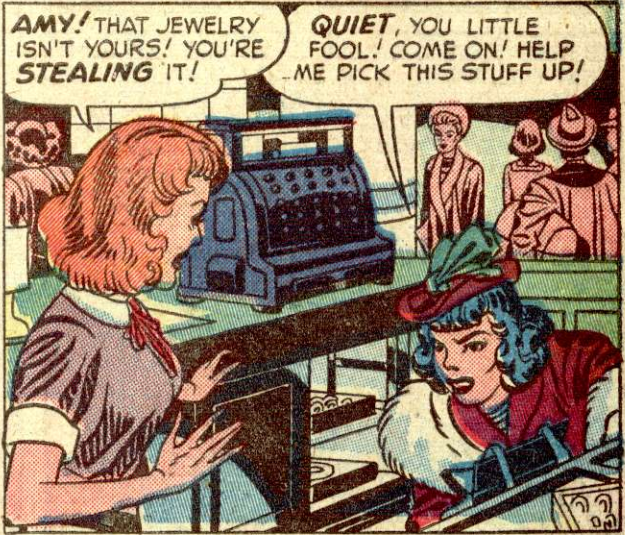
**A SANITARIUM!** MORE EXPENSE! MORE BILLS! I CAN HARDLY MAKE ENDS MEET **NOW!** BUT MOTHER **MUST** GET WELL! I'LL FIND THE MONEY SOMEHOW!

I'M GOING TO LUNCH, SUE... I WON'T BE LONG...

OKAY, AMY! DON'T BE LATE -- I'M FAMISHED!

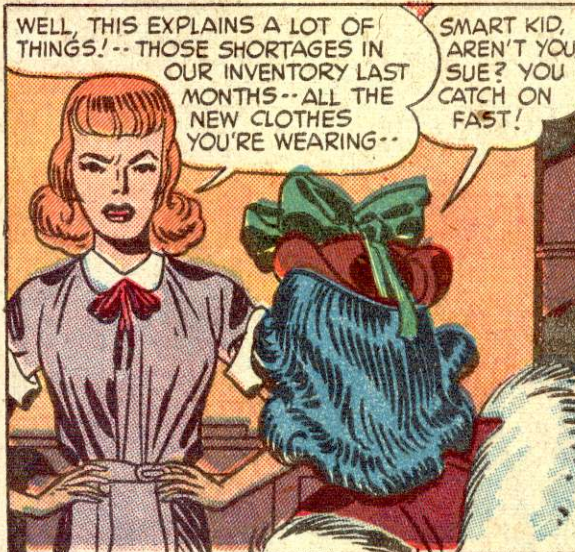


OH, BLAST THAT PURSE CATCH!



AMY! THAT JEWELRY ISN'T YOURS! YOU'RE **STEALING IT!**

**QUIET, YOU LITTLE FOOL! COME ON! HELP ME PICK THIS STUFF UP!**



WELL, THIS EXPLAINS A LOT OF THINGS!-- THOSE SHORTAGES IN OUR INVENTORY LAST MONTHS-- ALL THE NEW CLOTHES YOU'RE WEARING--

SMART KID, AREN'T YOU, SUE? YOU CATCH ON FAST!



AMY GIFFORD, I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE MANAGER RIGHT NOW!

WHAT'LL **THAT** GET YOU? A HALO? DON'T BE A BOOB! I CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO FORGET YOU SAW THIS!



# HEADLINE COMICS



HERE'S A NICE, NEW TWENTY, SUE... MEET ME TONIGHT AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE A LOT MORE! YOU CAN USE THE DOUGH! YOU'LL SHOW UP!

TWENTY DOLLARS! MY!--- ALL RIGHT, AMY! I'LL SEE YOU THIS EVENING!

"I NEEDED THAT TWENTY DOLLARS DESPERATELY!.. THE EASE WITH WHICH THE MONEY APPEARED WAS ALMOST SHOCKING! MECHANICALLY, I FOLDED AND POCKETED THE BILL! WHEN REASON RETURNED, MY CONSCIENCE BEGAN DEMANDING EXPLANATIONS...



SO AMY'S DISHONEST-- **SO WHAT?** IF SHE WANTS TO TAKE RISKS--- THAT'S **HER** BUSINESS! I DID NOTHING WRONG WHEN I TOOK HER MONEY! AFTER ALL--**I** DIDN'T STEAL THOSE JEWELS!

YOUNG LADY--DO YOU WORK OR SLEEP HERE?



"I TRIED TO TELL MYSELF I WAS MEETING AMY THAT EVENING BECAUSE I HAD NOTHING BETTER TO DO... BUT WHAT I KNEW REALLY PROMPTED ME! IT WAS THE PROSPECT OF A WINDFALL OF EASY MONEY!--I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT AMY'S RACKET!

LOOK, SUE, YOUR MOTHER'S SICK! YOU CAN HARDLY MEET THE BILLS! YOU DRESS IN RAGS! WHY NOT GET IN ON THE GRAYV! HONESTY IS OKAY IF YOU GOT DOUGH. BUT HONESTY ALONE DOESN'T PAY BILLS!

BUT, AMY.. I-I'M AFRAID TO TRY ANYTHING **UNLAWFUL!**



AFRAID--HUMB! I WAS SCARED TOO, AT FIRST! BUT IT'S A CINCINOW! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO SEE **MOLLIE-THE-LIFT!** SHE'LL PUT YOU WISE!

I CERTAINLY COULD USE MORE MONEY! I-I'LL SEE THIS MOLLIE--BUT I'M NOT PROMISING ANYTHING!

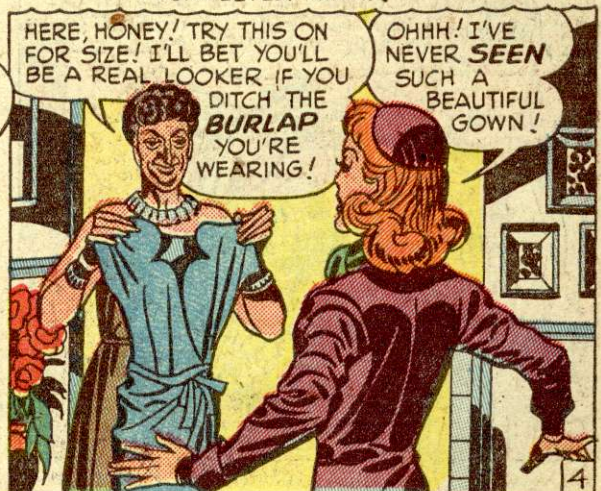
"THAT NIGHT, AT MOLLIE-THE-LIFT'S LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, I WAS LAUNCHED ON A CAREER OF CRIME.



I DIDN'T GET MY NAME "MOLLIE THE LIFT." MAKING WRONG GUESSES, KID! I THINK I CAN MAKE YOU THE SHARPEST COUNTER OPERATOR I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!

GOSH, MISS MOLLIE, I-I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'D REALLY DO **WELL** AT IT!

"I WAS TRYING DESPERATELY TO RESIST MY DESIRES, BUT MOLLIE SWEEP MY PRINCIPLES COMPLETELY AWAY!

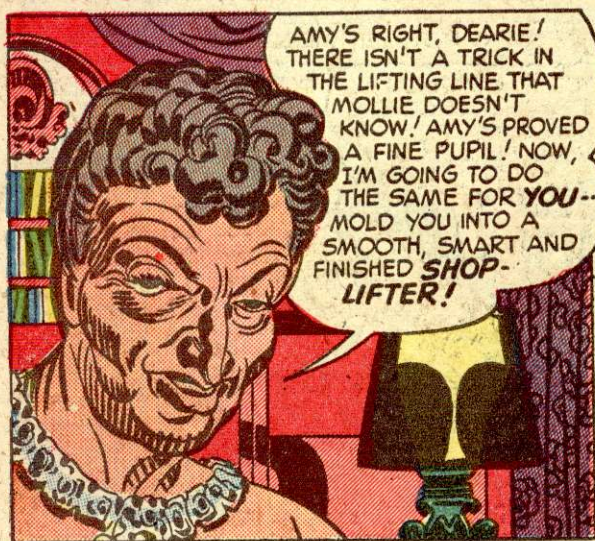


HERE, HONEY! TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE! I'LL BET YOU'LL BE A REAL LOOKER IF YOU DITCH THE **BURLAP** YOU'RE WEARING!

OH! I'VE NEVER **SEEN** SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GOWN!



# CRIME NEVER PAYS!





## HEADLINE COMICS

"WHEN THE CLERK TURNED ABOUT TO SEARCH FOR A NEW SELECTIONS OF PENS, I PUSHED BACK MY SLEEVE IN A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE AND DEFTLY SLIPPED THE PEN UNDER A WIDE ELASTIC BAND WHICH I WORE ON MY FOREARM...



I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT THIS PEN IS THE ONLY TYPE I HAVE IN THE PRICE RANGE YOU DESIRE... WE'LL HAVE A NEW STOCK IN NEXT WEEK... IF YOU CARE TO DROP IN, I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND A PEN THAT WILL APPEAL TO YOU!

THANK YOU, I WILL! I HOPE I DIDN'T CAUSE YOU ANY INCONVENIENCE... GOOD DAY!



"THE PEN SEEMED TO SEAR ITSELF INTO MY ARM... TIME CEASED TO EXIST! I WALKED IN A VACUUM IN WHICH THE POUNDING OF MY HEART WAS THE ONLY SOUND I HEARD...



"MOLLIE WAS PLEASED AT MY SUCCESS... I WAS READY FOR ANOTHER JOB-- AND ANOTHER CUT ON STOLEN MERCHANDISE...

YOU'RE A NATURAL, DEARIE! TOMORROW, YOU GO OUT ON YOUR OWN...

TWENTY DOLLARS! NOT BAD FOR A FEW MINUTES WORK! THIS ALMOST BEATS MY WEEKS PAY AS A STORE CLERK!



DO YOU REMEMBER THE EXPANDING BOX I SHOWED YOU LAST WEEK, MY DEAR?

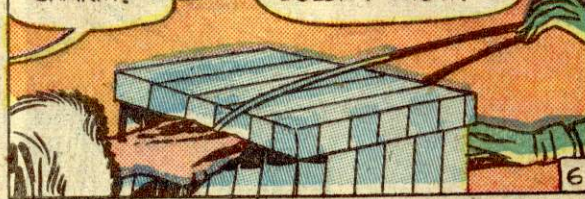
OH, SURE! THAT'S REALLY A CLEVER GIMMICK! IS THAT WHAT I'M TO USE ON MY NEXT JOB?



"THE EXPANDING BOX LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER BOX USED BY WOMEN TO CARRY DRESSES-- BUT IT WASN'T... ONE END OF THE BOX WAS HELD IN PLACE BY ELASTIC WHICH RAN FROM SIDE-TO-SIDE... WHEN PRESSURE WAS EXERTED FROM OUTSIDE, THIS END SWUNG INWARD SO ITEMS COULD BE SLIPPED INTO THE BOX WITHOUT REMOVING THE COVER...

DON'T GET EXCITED... JAM THE STUFF IN FAST! TAKE YOUR TIME AND THIS WILL WORK LIKE A CHARM!

YES, I KNOW... I ONLY HOPE I REMEMBER TO CARRY IT SO THE PIECE OF ELASTIC IN THE STRING AROUND IT DOESN'T SHOW!





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

"THIS WAS MY FIRST JOB ALONE... I WAS GOING TO SHOW MOLLIE WHAT AN OPERATOR I COULD **REALLY** BE..."

"I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME ENVELOPE TYPE BAGS, PLEASE!"

HERE ARE TWO OF OUR LOVELIEST MODELS... WE HAVE MANY OTHER NICE SELECTIONS...



IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL WAIT ON THE CUSTOMER AT THE OTHER END OF THE COUNTER WHILE YOU DECIDE ON WHICH PURSE YOU WANT!

THAT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT... GO RIGHT AHEAD!

WHAT A BREAK! THIS CHANCE IS MADE TO ORDER!



THIS BAG'S MARKED \$55! IT'S A **STEAL** AT THAT PRICE... HA! MOLLIE WILL LAUGH AT THAT ONE! CAN'T LOOK BOTH WAYS AT ONCE! HOPE NO ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF ME SPOTS WHAT I'M DOING...



"I GOT AWAY WITH IT, THOUGH! NOT A SOUL SUSPECTED MY BIT OF CHICANERY... THE RACKET SOON BECAME RIDICULOUSLY EASY TO OPERATE... WHEN I RETURNED TO MOLLIE'S THAT NIGHT, THE BOX FAIRLY BULGED WITH LOOT FROM THE COUNTERS OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST DEPARTMENT STORES..."

I WORKED UNTIL I COULDN'T GET ANY MORE IN THE BOX, MOLLIE!

QUITE A LOAD, DEARIE! BUT YOU **STILL** HAVE SOMETHING TO LEARN!



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOLLIE? WHAT DID I DO WRONG?

**LOOK AT THIS CHEAP JUNK!** STOCKINGS, GLOVES, CIGARETTE CASES-- LISTEN HONEY! YOU GET SENT UP AS LONG FOR STEALING DOLLAR AND A HALF STOCKINGS AS YOU DO FOR LIFTING FIFTY BUCK HANDBAGS! SEE WHAT I'M GETTING AT?



YES, I DO, MOLLIE! I MIGHT AS WELL GET CAUGHT STEALING DOLLAR BILLS INSTEAD OF PENNIES! GUESS I'VE BEEN OPERATING, PRETTY SMALL...

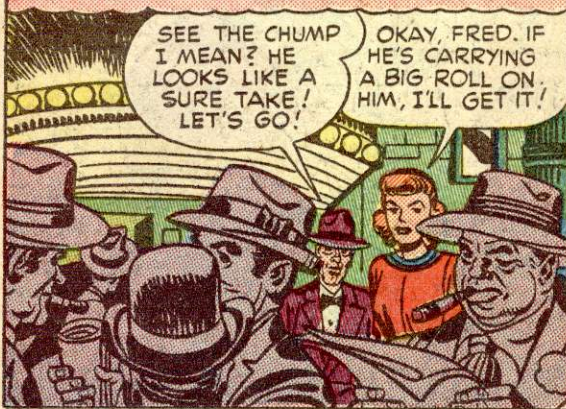
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE, DEARIE! I HAVEN'T ANY OUTLET FOR CHEAP STUFF! I RUN A HIGH CLASS BUSINESS! YOU'VE GOT TO START WORKING IN THE **BIG DOUGH**, HONEY! RIGHT AWAY!





# HEADLINE COMICS

"PICKING POCKETS WAS MY NEXT VENTURE... I WORKED IT WITH THE COOPERATION OF **LIGHT-FINGER-FRED**, A CONFEDERATE OF MOLLIES... OUR FIRST VICTIM WAS A FAT, LITTLE GUY WHO WAS PART OF THE FIGHT CROWD MILLING ABOUT THE MID-TOWN SPORT ARENA....



SEE THE CHUMP I MEAN? HE LOOKS LIKE A SURE TAKE! LET'S GO!

OKAY, FRED. IF HE'S CARRYING A BIG ROLL ON HIM, I'LL GET IT!



OH, MY ANKLE! I'M FALLING!

OOPS! I'LL HELP YOU, MISS!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT NOW, MISS?

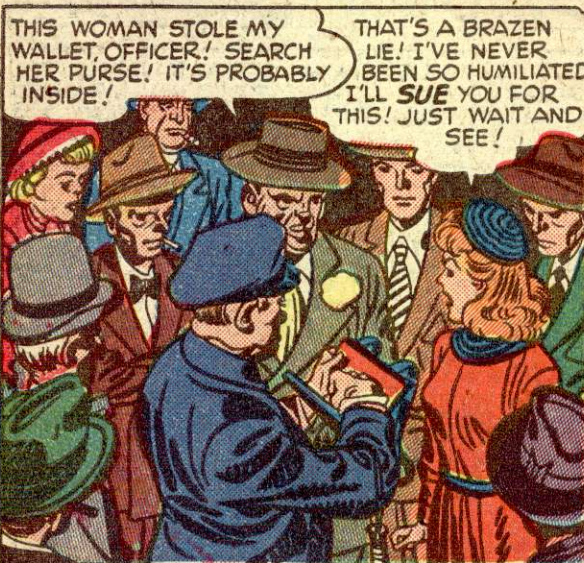
YES, THANK YOU! THESE NEW HIGH HEELS ARE GIVING ME NO END OF TROUBLE!

"I DROPPED THE LUSH'S WALLET INTO FRED'S NEWS-PAPER WHICH WAS FOLDED TO FORM A CONVENIENT SLIDE... FRED WAS GONE IN THE CROWD WHEN THE FAT BOY FOUND HE'D BEEN ROLLED!!



HEY! MY WALLET'S GONE! HOLD ON THERE, LADY!

WHAT? ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF TAKING YOUR WALLET?



THIS WOMAN STOLE MY WALLET, OFFICER! SEARCH HER PURSE, IT'S PROBABLY INSIDE!

THAT'S A BRAZEN LIE! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED! I'LL **SUE** YOU FOR THIS! JUST WAIT AND SEE!



SHE **CAN** SUE YOU, MAC! THERE'S NO WALLET IN HER BAG! I SEARCHED HER POCKETS TOO! HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

SHE **MUST** HAVE TAKEN IT, OFFICER! I'LL SWEAR SHE DID!

HOW DARE YOU? YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED!



# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

"THERE WERE FOUR STOLEN WATCHES AND TWO DISTURBING INCIDENTS THAT NIGHT-- BUT FRED AND I EMERGED UNSCATHED WITH THE HAUL... WE TOOK THE SUBWAY TO REPORT BACK TO MOLLIE--WHEN FRED WAS INSPIRED BY **ANOTHER CUTE ANGLE**....

WE'VE POCKETED THREE 'C'S' TONIGHT, BABY. HOW'D YA LIKE TO SEE ME PICK UP A FEW HUNDRED MORE?

OKAY, FRED. IT'S YOUR SHOW!



"WITNESSING FRED OPERATE FILLED ME WITH AWE. THE PEOPLE WHO NAMED HIM **LIGHT-FINGER** UNDERESTIMATED HIS ABILITY... FRED SLIT THE POOR CHUMP'S BREAST POCKET AND FLEECED HIM OF HIS WALLET WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST REACTION FROM THE VICTIM!



"THE FOLLOWING DAY I SAW MOLLIE AS USUAL-- AND RECEIVED A SURPRISE AS WE DISCUSSED MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT!

FRED SAYS YOU DID A PERFECT JOB LAST NIGHT.. I'M **PROUD** OF YOU, SUE!

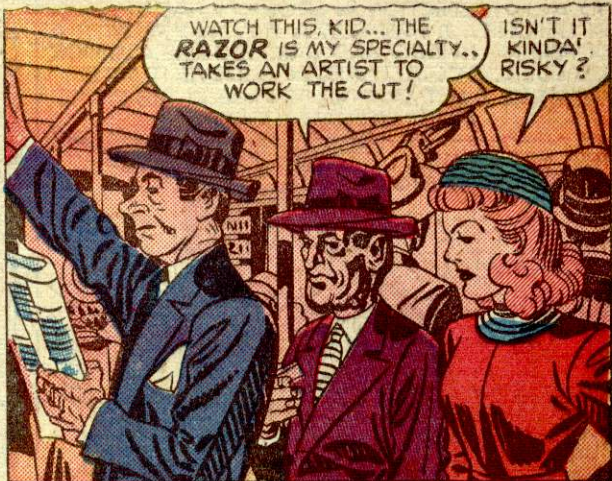
THANKS, MOLLIE... I DID MY BEST!



"IN THE CROWDED TRAIN, I WATCHED FRED EYE HIS VICTIM AND UNSEEN BY THE OTHER PASSENGERS HE WITHDREW A RAZOR BLADE FROM HIS JACKET..

WATCH THIS, KID... THE **RAZOR** IS MY SPECIALTY.. TAKES AN ARTIST TO WORK THE CUT!

ISN'T IT KINDA' RISKY?



"WHEN I LEFT MOLLIE'S LATER THAT EVENING, I HAD MY SHARE OF THE DAY'S TAKE---A LITTLE OVER \$100....

\$107. FOR ONE NIGHT'S WORK! A MONTH AGO I WAS WORRIED ABOUT \$3. A WEEK'S ROOM RENT! NEXT MONTH I'LL HAVE A \$150. APARTMENT.. THIS RACKET IS TERRIFIC!



SUE, I'M GOING TO LET YOU BEGIN CIRCULATING IN THE **SMART CIRCLES**! FROM NOW ON YOU- ER- OBTAIN ONLY FURS, JEWELRY AND EXPENSIVE GOWNS!

GEE, MOLLIE! I'LL **LOVE** THAT! DO I START TODAY?





# HEADLINE COMICS

"IN PREPARATION FOR MY NEW ASSIGNMENT, I UNDERWENT A COMPLETE CHANGE IN APPEARANCE TO AVOID DETECTION IN STORES I HAD OPERATED IN BEFORE... I WAS NOW A **BRUNETTE** WITH A DIFFERENT HAIRDO AND DRESSED LIKE A JUNIOR LEAGUER. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT WAS ME WHEN I SET OUT TO FORAGE IN THE CITY'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SHOPS!

THIS GET UP WILL THROW EVERY STORE DICK IN THE COUNTRY OFF MY TRAIL! I HARDLY KNOW **MYSELF!**



"I PAID MY FIRST VISIT TO THE NEWLY OPENED PARISIENNE DRESS SALON... I REVIEWED THEIR BREATH-TAKING DISPLAY WITH MOCK ALOOFNESS, BUT DROOLED INWARDLY AT EACH NEW GOWN ...

THAT ONE IS RATHER CHIC! I BELIEVE I'LL TRY ON THAT AND THE TWO ON THE CHAIR!

VERY WELL, MADAMOISELLE... I'LL SHOW YOU TO THE DRESSING ROOMS...



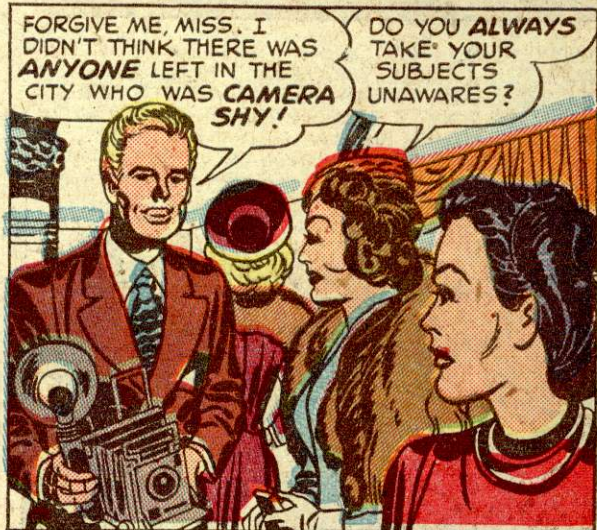
OH! WHAT'S THAT?

IT IS BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER, MADAMOISELLE! I AM SORRY IT STARTLED YOU!



FORGIVE ME, MISS. I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS ANYONE LEFT IN THE CITY WHO WAS **CAMERA SHY!**

DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR SUBJECTS UNAWARES?



I **SPECIALIZE** IN CANDID SHOTS--AND CANDIDLY SPEAKING, WHY DON'T YOU ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU OUT FOR COCKTAILS AND CORRECT THE POOR IMPRESSION I'VE MADE! DON LANE'S THE NAME!

MY! I THINK YOUR LINE FRIGHTENS ME MORE THAN YOUR FLASH-BULBS!



"I LEFT THE SMILING DON LANE AND MADE A BEE-LINE FOR THE DRESSING ROOM... I DIDN'T INTEND TO STAY AT THIS PLACE ALL DAY...

MOLLIE WILL LOVE THIS ONE! SHE SAID TO TRY TO PICK SOMETHING SLEEK!



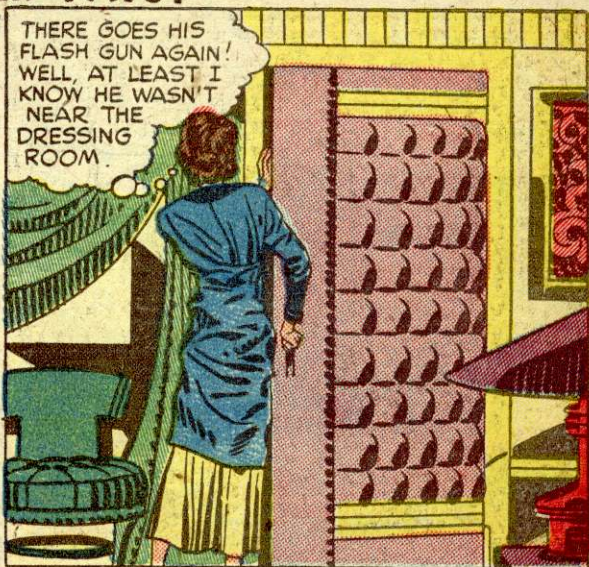


# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

"THIS WAS ONE OF MOLLIE'S SLICKEST STUNTS...I PULLED MY OWN DRESS WHICH WAS MADE SLIGHTLY LARGER OVER THE GOWN I'D TRIED ON...IN THIS MANNER I COULD WALK OUT OF THE STORE WITHOUT ANYONE SUSPECTING I WAS CARRYING OFF ONE OF THEIR BEST GARMENTS BENEATH MY OWN CLOTHES..."



THERE GOES HIS FLASH GUN AGAIN! WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW HE WASN'T NEAR THE DRESSING ROOM.



"I PINNED UP THE HEM OF THE STOLEN DRESS SO IT WOULDN'T SHOW BENEATH MY OWN AND PREPARED TO LEAVE...DON LANE APPROACHED ME AS I WALKED TOWARD THE SHOP'S FRONT DOOR...."



I SUSPECT YOU'RE A WOLF, MISTER LANE! BUT I'LL TAKE A CHANCE! IT'S A DATE FOR TOMORROW EVENING!

THAT'S GREAT! I'LL PROVE I'M A WOLF WHO CAN BE A PERFECT LAMB!

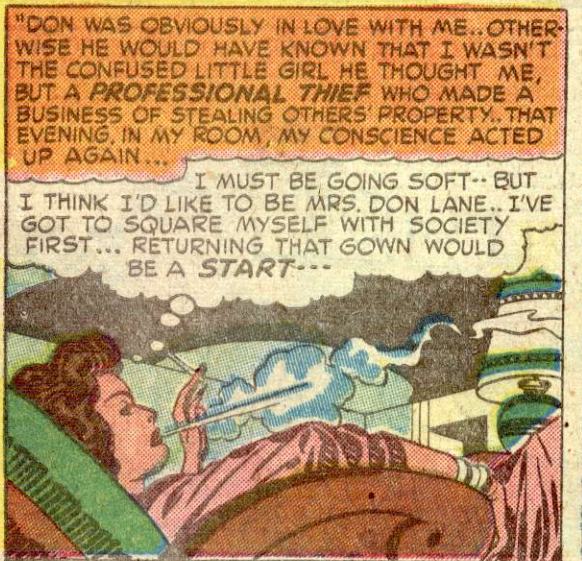
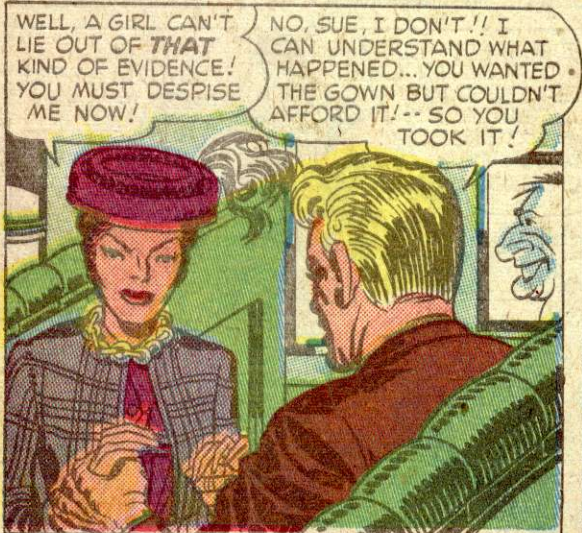
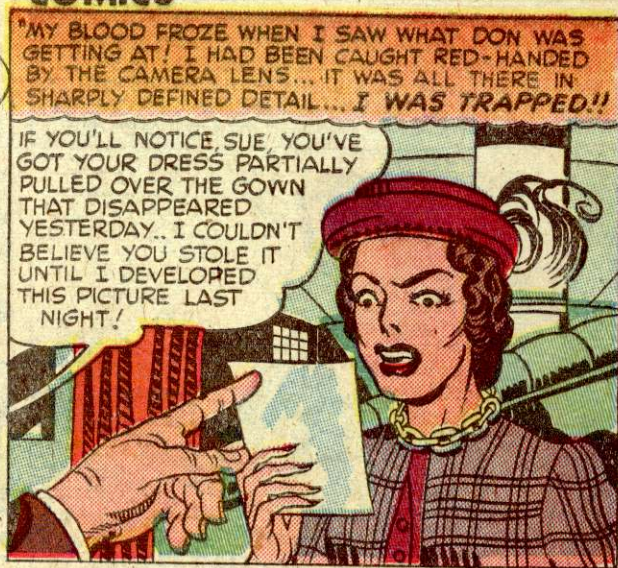


"SOMEHOW, YOUNG MISTER LANE INTRIGUED MY FANCY... AND I SURPRISED MYSELF THE NEXT DAY BY KEEPING THE DATE WE'D MADE...."





# HEADLINE COMICS





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

"IT NEVER DID OCCUR TO ME HOW MUCH OF A PART OF THE UNDERWORLD I HAD BECOME.. THE ELEMENT THAT DEALT IN VIOLENCE HAD ALWAYS STOOD BY IN THE WINGS OF MOLLIES ELEGANT SETTING... BUT WHEN I ENTERED HER APARTMENT THAT EVENING, I MET THESE KINSMEN IN CRIME --- WITH THEIR FACES BEREFT OF MERCY AND HANDS MOLDED FOR THE HANDLES OF MEAT CLEAVERS .....

--AND THAT'S IT, MOLLIE. I'M DONE WITH THE RACKET.. **I'M GOING STRAIGHT!**

HEAR THAT,  
BOYS?

I FOUND MYSELF QUICKLY HUSTLED INTO A CAR PARKED NEAR THE BUILDING... LIGHT FINGER FRED SAT NEXT TO ME, WHILE ONE OF THE TOUGHS TOOK THE WHEEL... I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS HAPPENING--**BUT I WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A ONE WAY RIDE...**

HEAD FOR THE JERSEY  
CLIFFS, REED! WE'LL TOSS  
HER OVER AND STILL BE  
BACK IN TIME FOR GIN  
RUMMY!

JAKE BY ME, FRED!  
MAYBE I CAN  
LATCH ON TO A  
WINNING STREAK  
TONIGHT!

"I HAD TO THINK OF SOMETHING, FAST.. MY COLD-BLOODED COMPANIONS WEREN'T PLAYING GAMES.. IT WAS THEN THAT I PULLED MY MOST HAZARDOUS LIFTING JOB--ON LIGHT FINGER FRED, AN EXPERT HIMSELF.

FRED CARRIES A PISTOL  
IN HIS VEST POCKET! I'VE  
GOT TO GET IT!

ANYTHING YOU WANT,  
BABY--EXCEPT A RIDE  
BACK TO TOWN!

MAY I HAVE  
A CIGARETTE,  
FRED?

YOU BREATHE IN, NOT OUT, TO LIGHT  
A CIGARETTE, STUPID!

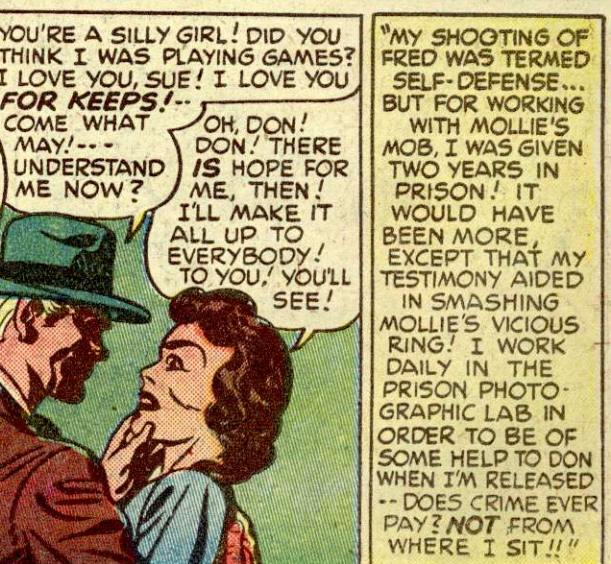
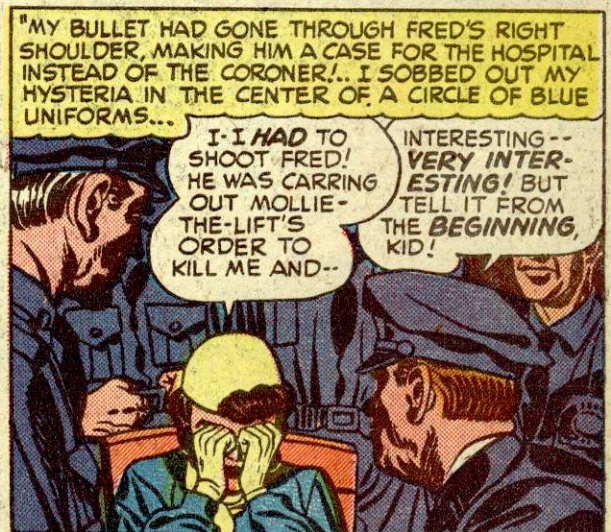
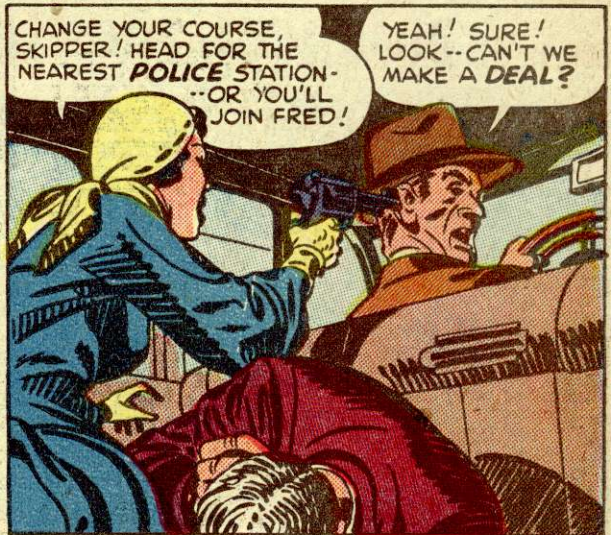
I-I'M SORRY, FRED. I'M  
A BIT NERVOUS!

THANKS FOR THE LIGHT,  
FRED. NOW, STOP THIS  
CAR--OR I'LL KILL YOU--  
SO HELP ME!

WHY, YOU LIFTED MY  
GUN! TRYIN' TO PLAY  
CUTE, EH? HAND IT BACK,  
KID! YOU  
WON'T  
SHOOT!



# HEADLINE COMICS

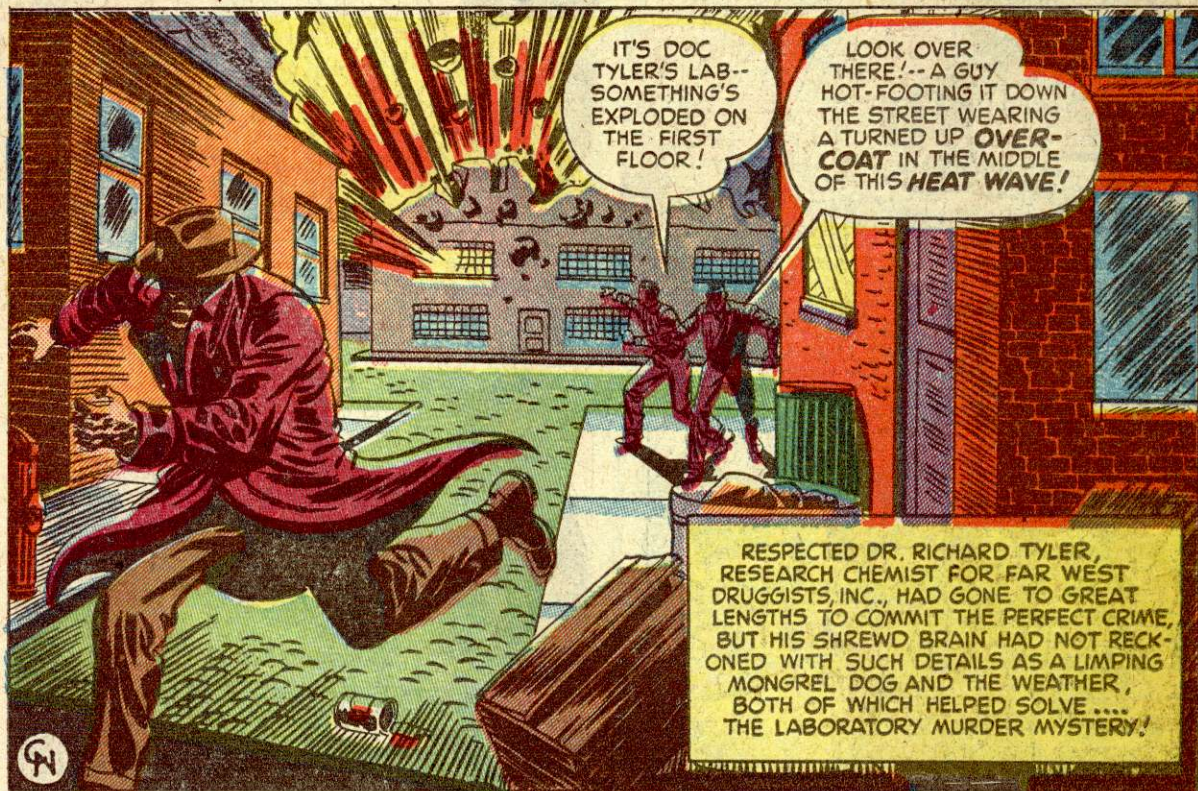




The stranger had small feet and small hands--  
and so did the 'kindly' chemist, who found  
these features made the man

ALL NAMES IN  
THIS TRUE STORY  
ARE FICTITIOUS.

# PERFECT for MURDER!



RESPECTED DR. RICHARD TYLER, RESEARCH CHEMIST FOR FAR WEST DRUGGISTS, INC., HAD GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME, BUT HIS SHREWD BRAIN HAD NOT RECKONED WITH SUCH DETAILS AS A LIMPING MONGREL DOG AND THE WEATHER, BOTH OF WHICH HELPED SOLVE .... THE LABORATORY MURDER MYSTERY!

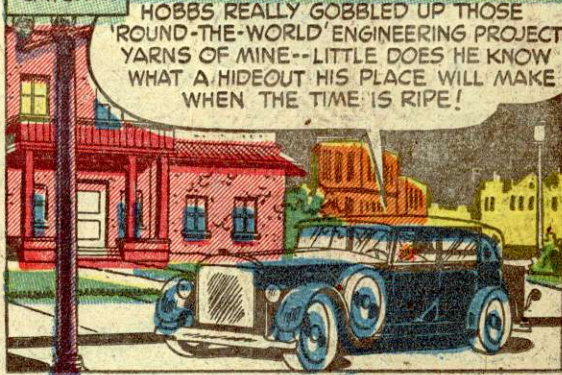
THIS WAS SAN FRANCISCO, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 11, 1925-- AND IN A DOWNTOWN SPEAKEASY, TWO MEN WERE DRINKING A TOAST TO A FRIENDSHIP THAT WOULD SOON INVITE --- **MURDER!**

TO YOUR NEXT VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO, TO YOUR GRACIOUS INVITATION, CYRIL  
'GLOBE-TROTTERING DUTIES ALLOW' HOBBS-- MY SOLEMN PLEDGE OF  
'YOU TO BE MY HOUSE GUEST' ACCEPTANCE!  
'ACROSS THE BAY WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.'



TWO HOURS LATER, "COLONEL WHITE," ALIAS DR. RICHARD TYLER, CHEMICAL LABORATORY EXPERT, DROVE TO HIS OWN HOME IN THE BAY DISTRICT INSTEAD OF HEADING FOR THE WATER-FRONT AND THE LINER HE NEVER INTENDED TO CATCH....

HOBBS REALLY GOBBLED UP THOSE 'ROUND-THE-WORLD' ENGINEERING PROJECT YARNS OF MINE--LITTLE DOES HE KNOW WHAT A HIDEOUT HIS PLACE WILL MAKE WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE!





# HEADLINE COMICS

JULY 17, 1925... A FATEFUL DAY IN THE TYLER HOUSEHOLD. BEGAN HARMLESSLY ENOUGH WITH THE DOCTOR'S WIFE EDITH, DELIVERING A MILD SCOLDING AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE...

RICHARD--WHEN WILL YOU **EVER** LEARN TO USE AN ASH TRAY INSTEAD OF LETTING THE ASH BURN THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF YOUR CIGARETTE-- SOME DAY I'M AFRAID YOUR FORGETFULNESS IS GOING TO CAUSE SOME **TERRIBLE ACCIDENT** AT WORK!

HMMM... WHAT'S THAT, DEAR? I WASN'T LISTENING.



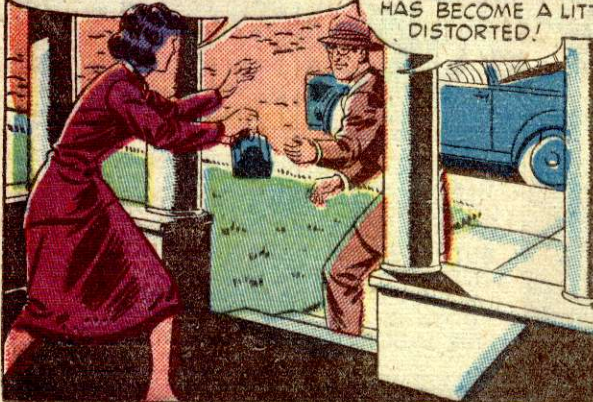
YOU'VE BURNED HOLES IN ALL YOUR GOOD SUITS BY JUST THAT KIND OF CARELESSNESS-- I TELL YOU I'M AFRAID TO SEE YOU START OUT FOR THE LABORATORY EACH DAY FOR FEAR IT MIGHT BE YOUR **LAST** ONE!

YOU **WORRY** TOO MUCH, DARLING-- AND BESIDES IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME YOU'D BECOME **\$150,000** RICHER BY MY NEW ACCIDENT POLICY-- SO YOU CAN'T LOSE-- HA-HA!

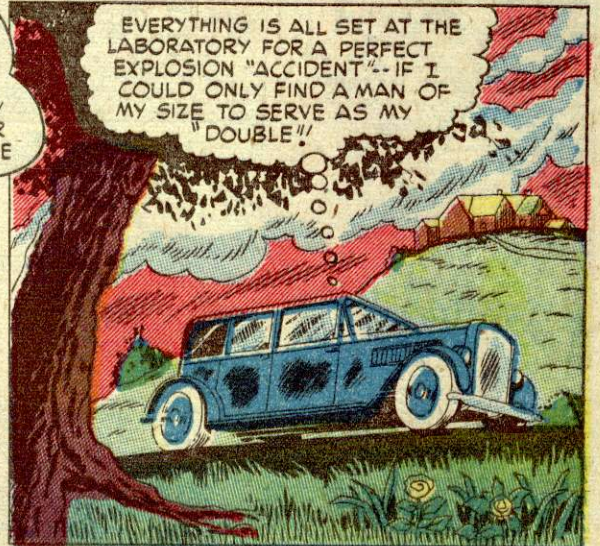


BECAUSE OF YOUR GRUESOME SENSE OF HUMOR I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU YOUR LUNCH-- AND PLEASE DON'T MAKE ANY MORE SUCH DEPRESSING JOKES-- I WORRY ENOUGH ABOUT YOU AS IT IS!

SORRY, DEAR-- I GUESS I'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD AT THE LABORATORY LATELY MY SENSE OF HUMOR HAS BECOME A LITTLE DISTORTED!



EVERYTHING IS ALL SET AT THE LABORATORY FOR A PERFECT EXPLOSION "ACCIDENT"-- IF I COULD ONLY FIND A MAN OF MY SIZE TO SERVE AS MY "DOUBLE"!



DO THESE EYES DECEIVE ME-- THAT CHAP BY THE ROADSIDE APPEARS TO BE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

WITH ONE, SWIFT, SCRUTINIZING GLANCE DOCTOR TYLER NOTED WITH SATISFACTION THAT THE HITCH-HIKER POSSESSED THE SAME UNUSUALLY SMALL HANDS AND FEET AS HIMSELF....

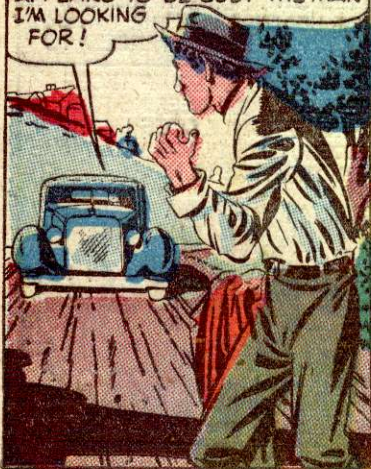
SO YOU'RE A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS LOOKING FOR WORK EH?

NOT **STEADY** WORK-- JUST AN ODD JOB IN EXCHANGE FOR A MEAL-- I'M TOURING THE COUNTRY AS A SORT OF HOBO SIGHTSEER.

ALL I NEED IS TO CATCH HIM WITH HIS BACK TURNED FOR A COUPLE SECONDS ON THIS LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD!

I THINK I HAVE A LEAK IN THE REAR TIRE-- WOULD YOU HELP ME CHECK IT?

SURE THING!





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

AS THE UNSUSPECTING STRANGER INSPECTED THE REAR TIRE, DOCTOR TYLER'S COLD, SEARCHING EYES SPOTTED A CONVENIENT ROCK---

VALVE SEEMS TO BE OKAY-- MAYBE THERE'S A LEAK IN THE INNERTUBE.

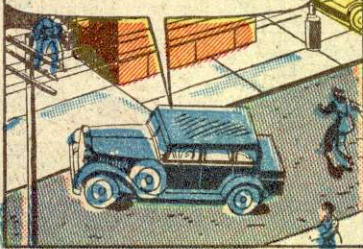
KEEP CHECKING IT-- I'M **SURE** YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING--

--EVEN IF IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE **LOOKING** FOR--SWEET DREAMS, MY WORTHY STAND-IN!

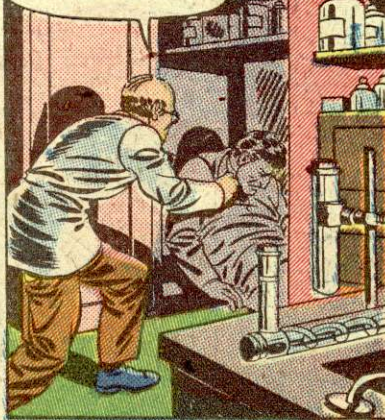


WITHIN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE EMOTIONLESS DOCTOR HAD PACKED THE CORPSE INTO THE REAR TRUNK COMPARTMENT AND RESUMED HIS WAY TO THE LABORATORY.

I'LL PARK THE CAR IN THE LABORATORY BASEMENT GARAGE --WHEN THE WATCHMAN IS OUT TO LUNCH I'LL PACK MY HITCH-HIKING FRIEND UPSTAIRS INTO A PRIVATE CLOSET--UNTIL ZERO HOUR TONIGHT!



THERE--NOW HE'S EVEN **DRESSED** LIKE ME IN MY LABORATORY OUTFIT-- I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL TO PUT ON THE BIG SHOW!

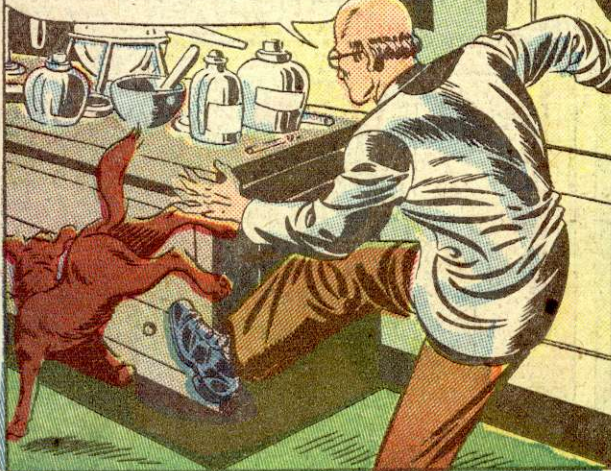


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, DOCTOR TYLER, NOTED FOR HIS FONDNESS OF PETS, WAS UPSET TO SEE A STRAY MONGREL IN HIS LABORATORY ... SNIFFING CURIOUSLY AROUND THE DOOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CLOSET!

HEY, YOU--GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR-- GET OUT OF HERE, I SAY!

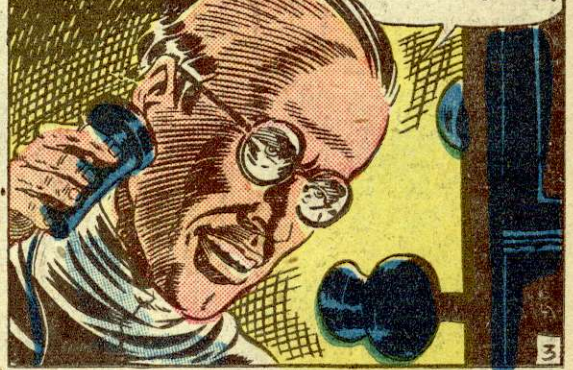


THIS IS **ONE** TIME WHEN I'M NOT PLAYING OPEN HOUSE!-- NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!



AT 5:15 O'CLOCK, AS THE STICKY AFTERNOON DREW TO A CLOSE, DOCTOR TYLER PHONED HIS WIFE.

THAT'S RIGHT, DARLING-- I'VE GOT TO COMPLETE THIS ANALYSIS AND IT'LL BE AT LEAST THREE HOURS MORE WORK! DON'T WAIT DINNER FOR ME.





# HEADLINE COMICS

BY 8:20 P.M., DOCTOR TYLER WAS READY FOR THE NEXT STEP IN HIS FIENDISH PLOT.

GOOD THING I'VE KEPT THIS OVERCOAT HERE AT THE OFFICE SINCE WINTER--IT'LL MAKE A PERFECT DISGUISE--IF I DON'T DIE FIRST FROM THIS CONFOUNDED **HOT WEATHER!**



AT 9:01 P.M. DOCTOR TYLER HAILED ALVIN "SHORTY" WARREN, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN ON DUTY, AND DISPATCHED HIM ON A DECOY ERRAND.

SHORTY, I'M ALL OUT OF CIGARETTES--WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME SOME DOWN AT THE CORNER CIGAR STORE?

GLAD TO DO IT, DOC.

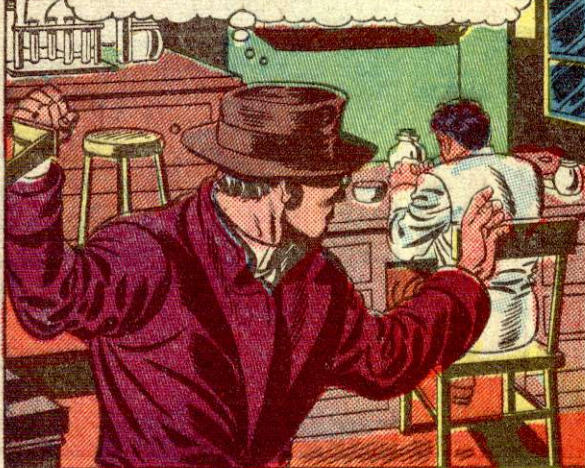


AT 9:06 P.M., TYLER HAD SLUMPED HIS UNCONSCIOUS STAND-IN OVER A MICROSCOPE AND FINISHED THE ALL-IMPORTANT SHORT CIRCUIT CONNECTIONS.

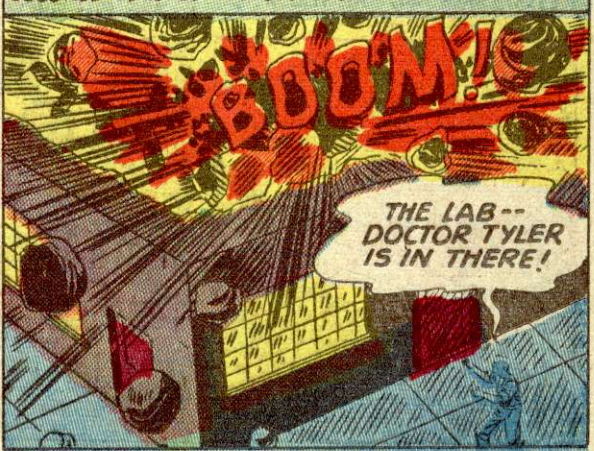
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH THE OLD ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR DIED IN LINE OF DUTY--HEH-HEH--WHAT A FIRE-WORK SHOW THE NEIGHBORS ARE GOING TO SEE TONIGHT!



FAREWELL FROM THIS CRUEL WORLD," DOCTOR TYLER--I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST BEFORE THE CHAIN EXPLOSIONS BEGIN...



NIGHT WATCHMAN WARREN FROZE IN HIS TRACKS FOR A MOMENT AS THE EARTH BENEATH HIM ROCKED, AND THE SULTRY NIGHT WAS FILLED WITH ANGRY, MULTI-COLORED FLASHES AND EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSIONS...



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, DRESSED IN A NEW LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT AND EQUIPPED WITH TRAVELLING BAG, DOCTOR TYLER WAS BEING WHISKED BY TAXICAB THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN STREETS OF OAKLAND, CALIF.

THIS IS WHERE CYRIL HOBBS' INVITATION FITS IN **NICELY**--AND I'LL BE CLOSE ENOUGH TO KEEP AN EYE ON EDITH WHEN SHE COLLECTS MY INSURANCE MONEY.



BY JOVE--IF IT ISN'T COLONEL WHITE, THE GLOBE-TROTTER--COME IN, OLD BOY, AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR TRAVELS!

YOUR INVITATION WAS TOO GOOD TO RESIST, CYRIL--I'D LIKE TO STAY OVER A FEW DAYS FOR A REST IF YOU CAN SPARE THE ACCOMMODATIONS...





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

I SAY--THE RADIO HAS JUST ANNOUNCED SOME DREADFUL LABORATORY EXPLOSION A FEW MILES AWAY--TOOK THE LIFE OF THE UNFORTUNATE CHEMIST IN CHARGE!

THE CAB DRIVER MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT IT--SOUNDS **GHASTLY!**

WITNESSES WERE FOUND WHO GAVE AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A MYSTERIOUS FUGITIVE IN AN UNSEASONAL OVERCOAT LEAVING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.. WHEN THESE ACCOUNTS REACHED THE EARS OF CRIMINOLOGIST PAUL HERMAN, THE INVESTIGATION MOVED OUT OF ROUTINE CHANNELS.

HERE ARE DOC TYLER'S WRISTWATCH, AND RING FOUND ON THE VICTIM'S REMAINS...THE EXCEPTION-ALLY SMALL HANDS AND FEET, PLUS A MISSING UPPER INCISOR TOOTH, CHECK HIS CHARACTERISTICS PERFECTLY, ACCORDING TO MRS. TYLER.

YES, IT ALL FITS TOGETHER --ALMOST TOO SMOOTHLY, I'M AFRAID..

DR. LOWELL, THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, HAS JUST SHOWED ME SOMETHING RATHER UPSETTING --THIS EX-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VICTIM'S SKULL INDICATES HE DIED AS THE RESULT OF A **TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE HEAD!**

**MURDER!**  
WELL, I'LL BE--

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY **SURE**, WARREN, THAT NOTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED ON THE LABORATORY GROUNDS THE DAY OF THE EXPLOSION?

WAIT A MINUTE--COME TO THINK OF IT--I HEARD A **DOG** SQUEALING INSIDE THE BUILDING ABOUT MID-AFTERNOON--LATER I FOUND A MONGREL OUTSIDE LIMPING WITH A BROKEN LEG--DOC TYLER WAS THE ONLY MAN IN THE BUILDING!

IF DOC TYLER WAS A DOG LOVER, HE MUST HAVE A PRETTY DRASTIC **EXCUSE** FOR KICKING A POOR MONGREL--WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH THIS LABORATORY INCH BY INCH UNTIL WE DISCOVER IT!

FIRST THING WE BETTER DO IS BREAK OPEN THIS LOCKED CLOSET!

ON THE CLOSET FLOOR, CRIMINOLOGIST HERMAN DISCOVERED STAINS --DARK STAINS THAT LOOKED AS IF THEY HAD RESISTED ALL EFFORTS TO REMOVE THEM.

THIS MUSTY LOCKER SEEMS TO HAVE UNDERGONE A RECENT **SCRUBBING**--I WANT THOSE FLOOR BOARDS RIPPED UP AND ANALYZED.

I'LL GET THE TOOLS RIGHT AWAY!

TWO HOURS LATER, PAUL HERMAN'S SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED.

**BLOODSTAINS!**  
NO WONDER TYLER WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET THOSE BOARDS SANDED DOWN AND REFINISHED!

HERE ARE SOME MORE INTERESTING EX-RAYS ON THE TYLER CASE, MR. HERMAN!



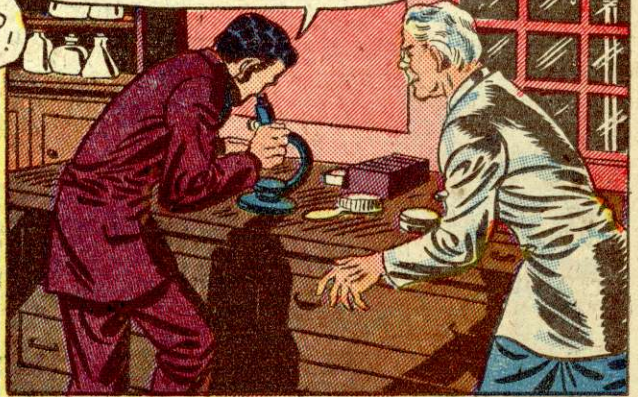


# HEADLINE COMICS

WE KNOW DOCTOR TYLER'S INCISOR TOOTH HAD BEEN PULLED OUT SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE-- THIS EX-RAY SHOWS THE VICTIM'S TOOTH WAS BROKEN OFF AT THE ROOTS BY A CHISEL BLOW.

THEREBY TIGHTENING UP OUR CONTENTION THAT THE VICTIM WAS **NOT** DR. TYLER BUT SOMEBODY ELSE-- I'VE STILL ANOTHER TEST I WANT TO MAKE HOWEVER!

HMM... JUST AS I THOUGHT-- THE HAIR OF THE VICTIM IS BROWN WITH CONSIDERABLE RATIO OF GRAY-- THE HAIR FROM DR. TYLER'S HAIRBRUSH IS COARSER, A DIFFERENT SHADE OF BROWN WITH A LOWER RATIO OF GRAY IN IT...



AT THE CITY NATIONAL BANK, J.H. WARREN, VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTRIBUTED AN IMPORTANT CLUE COVERING THE MOTIVE...

YES, DR. TYLER WAS CONSTANTLY WORRYING ABOUT KEEPING UP HIS INSURANCE PAYMENTS--RECENTLY HE BORROWED HEAVILY FROM THE BANK TO KEEP UP PAYMENTS ON HIS ACCIDENT POLICIES!

THANKS-- THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

WE KNOW NOW FOR CERTAIN THAT TYLER IS THE MURDER--AND WE KNOW HE PLANNED TO GET THE INSURANCE MONEY FROM HIS WIFE SOMEHOW-- **BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO IDENTIFY THE VICTIM AND LOCATE THE KILLER!**

I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'S STILL A LEAD

WE'VE MISSED

AT THE EXPLOSION SCENE--SUPPOSING WE TOOTHCOMB THE LAB REMAINS ONCE MORE!

THE CHIEF'S HUNCH WAS CORRECT-- WITHIN HALF AN HOUR HERMAN AND HIS SEARCHING PARTY MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

LOOK AT THIS-- A BOOK OF **POEMS** -- FUNNY THAT DOC TYLER WOULD HAVE **THAT** KIND OF READING MATTER INCLUDED IN HIS SCIENCE BOOKSHELF.

ANYTHING INSIDE THE BOOK?



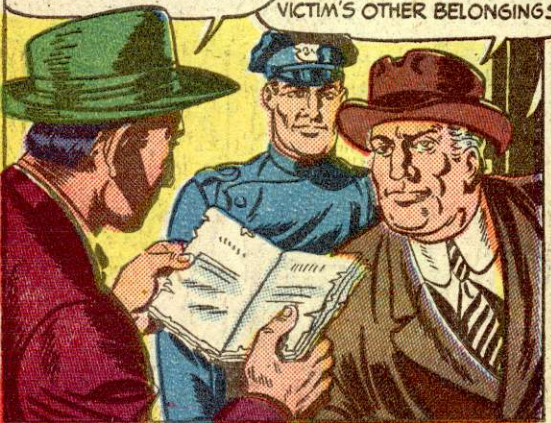
"PROPERTY OF CHARLES R. GRAYSON"-- **THERE'S OUR CLUE**-- WE'LL CIRCULATE A NOTICE TO EVERY MISSING PERSON BUREAU IN THE COUNTRY!

TYLER MUST HAVE OVERLOOKED THAT INSCRIPTION WHEN HE DESTROYED THE VICTIM'S OTHER BELONGINGS!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, THE TYLER CASE WAS MOVING TOWARD A SHOWDOWN.

WE'VE DEFINITELY PROVED THAT THE VICTIM WAS GRAYSON, CHIEF-- THE SMALL HANDS AND FEET CLINCHED IT-- HE'D HINTED TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE MIDWEST THAT HE WANTED TO ROAM THE COUNTRY AS A POET--AND HE DID UNTIL HE RAN AFOWL OF DOCTOR TYLER!

GOOD WORK, HERMAN-- NOW WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON PICKING UP THE MURDERER!





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

UNAWARE OF THE RAPID PROGRESS CRIMINOLOGIST HERMAN AND HIS STAFF WERE MAKING, DOCTOR TYLER WAS ENJOYING LIFE AS "COLONEL WHITE" IN THE LUXURIOUS HOME OF CYRIL HOBBS IN OAKLAND.

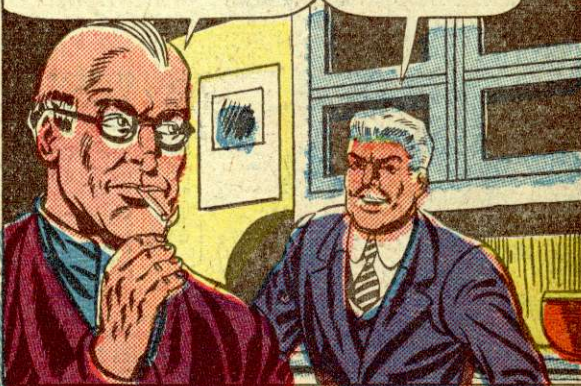
I SAY, THIS TYLER CASE IS GETTING MORE INTERESTING EVERY DAY, COLONEL-- NOW THE POLICE ARE NOT SO SURE IT WAS TYLER WHO DIED IN THE EXPLOSION!

THAT SO?.. WELL, IF IT WAS MURDER I HOPE THEY CATCH THE BEGGAR SOON-- I THINK THEY'RE PLAYING UP THE CASE TOO MUCH!



INCIDENTALLY, CYRIL-- I WAS THINKING THE TWO OF US MIGHT TAKE A WEEK-END CAMPING TRIP IN THE HIGH SIERRAS-- IT WOULD DO US BOTH GOOD TO GET OUT OF TOWN FOR A CHANGE!

SOUNDS LIKE A BULLY IDEA-- I'LL GET MY AFFAIRS CLEANED UP AT THE OFFICE AND WE COULD START OUT THIS AFTERNOON IF YOU'D LIKE!



THIS IS GOING TO WORK LIKE A CHARM-- I'VE GOT ALL OF TYLER'S IDENTIFICATION PAPERS-- BIRTH CERTIFICATE, DRIVER'S LICENSE AND ALL THE REST OF THE NECESSARY DATA...



HE'S GOT SMALL HANDS AND FEET LIKE MYSELF-- I'LL GET RID OF HIM UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. HAVE A LITTLE PLASTIC SURGERY DONE AND THEN **I'LL BECOME CYRIL HOBBS!**



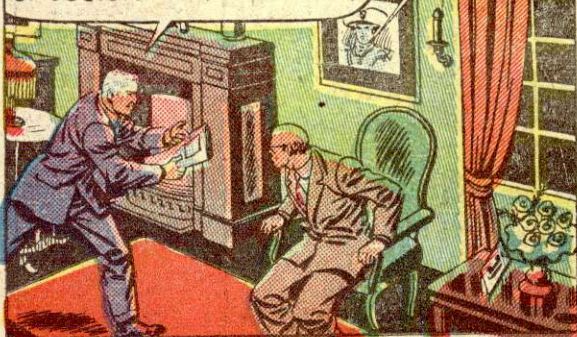
I CAN SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF MY POOR "WIDOW" EDITH WHEN I RETURN TO WOO HER AS CYRIL HOBBS-- SHE'LL BE THINKING HOW I RESEMBLE HER LATE HUSBAND AND I'LL BE GETTING THAT \$150,000 OFF HER SOME WAY!



"COLONEL WHITE'S" DREAM WORLD WAS SOMEWHAT SHAKEN THAT AFTERNOON WHEN CYRIL HOBBS RETURNED WITH A COPY OF THE EVENING PAPER... AND A SOMEWHAT NERVOUS DISPOSITION.....

I SAY, COLONEL-- HAVE YOU SEEN THE LATE EDITION? THEY'VE PRINTED A PICTURE OF DOCTOR TYLER-- THE KILLER!

TH-- THEY WHAT?!



ISN'T THIS FUNNY-- THIS TYLER CHAP IS ALMOST A DEAD RINGER FOR **MYSELF**-- HA-HA!

YES-- IT **IS** AN UNUSUAL COINCIDENCE-- ISN'T IT?





# HEADLINE COMICS

COME TO THINK OF IT, OLD BOY-- I DON'T THINK YOU EVER **DID** TALK MUCH ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS-- I'D LIKE TO HEAR SOME OF YOUR EXPERIENCE SOME TIME!

YOU'LL--YOU'LL HEAR THE WHOLE STORY DURING THE WEEKEND TRIP, CYRIL--- I WOULD'VE MENTIONED IT BEFORE BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D BE BORED!

AS CYRIL HOBBS SUDDENLY PICKED UP HIS HAT AND COAT, A LOOK OF ALARM CAME OVER THE FACE OF "COLONEL WHITE!"

WH--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BE BACK SHORTLY, OLD BOY-- JUST WANT TO PICK UP SOME CAMPING GEAR I LENT TO A FRIEND SOME TIME AGO-- YOU CAN BE GETTING YOUR OWN STUFF TOGETHER.

REMEMBERING THAT A FRIEND HAD MENTIONED ONCE KNOWING THE DOCTOR TYLER CONNECTED WITH THE LABORATORY BLAST, CYRIL HOBBS RUSHED BREATHLESSLY FOR CONFIRMATION OF GROWING SUSPICIONS!

IT'S TYLER ALL RIGHT-- YOU SAY IT'S ALSO COLONEL WHITE LIVING AT YOUR PLACE?

IT'S HIM-- I TELL YOU-- IT **COULDN'T** BE ANYBODY ELSE!

WHY DOESN'T HOBBS COME BACK-- HE'S BEEN GONE ALMOST AN HOUR NOW-- I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM BEFORE HE COULD HAVE TALKED TO ANYONE!

FIVE MINUTES LATER A DETAIL OF HEAVILY-ARMED POLICEMEN FOUND THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOBBS' HOME BARRICADED...

COME ON OUT, TYLER-- OR WE'LL START SHOOTING!

WATCH OUT-- HE'S LIKELY TO TRY ANYTHING!

SUDDENLY A GUNSHOT ROARED FROM A SECOND-STORY WINDOW---

DID YOU HEAR THAT?-- COME ON BOYS-- THROUGH A WINDOW!

TYLER'S ROOM!

**BANG!**

WELL, HOBBS-- GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T TAKE THAT HUNTING TRIP-- DOCTOR TYLER WOULD HAVE UNDERGONE HIS SECOND REINCARNATION --AT YOUR EXPENSE!

THANK HEAVEN FOR YOUR DEDUCTIONS, CRIMINOLOGIST HERMAN-- I'D HATE TO THINK OF MY NAME GOING ON POLICE RECORDS FOR SOME FUTURE CRIME AFTER MY OWN DEATH.

THIS WAS THE END OF DR. RICHARD TYLER'S QUEST OF THE "PERFECT CRIME"---- UNABLE TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCE, HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND-- PROVING, ONCE AGAIN **THE FOLLY OF CRIME!**



YOU'VE READ COLORFUL ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES OF  
PUBLIC ENEMIES..HOW THEY ROB, KILL, AND TAUNT THE  
LAW! ..BUT HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HOW

WITH THE  
EXCEPTION  
OF FLOYD  
AND ADAMS,  
ALL NAMES  
IN THIS TRUE  
STORY ARE  
FICTITIOUS.

# A GANGSTER DIES!



THIS IS A *FINE* SPOT  
FOR A BIG SHOT  
*PUBLIC ENEMY* LIKE  
ME! DODGIN' THE G-MEN  
IN THIS ROTTEN SWAMP  
LIKE A CORNERED  
ANIMAL!

based on  
**TRUE**  
**FBI**  
ACCOUNTS

CHARLES ARTHUR FLOYD'S FRIENDS  
CALLED HIM "PRETTY BOY." HE WAS THE  
GLAMOR BOY OF THE PUBLIC ENEMIES!  
BUT BENEATH HIS MASK OF CHARM  
LURKED THE REAL FLOYD--A RUTHLESS  
KILLER WHO LIVED A LIFE OF ROBBERY  
AND MURDER--AND DIED WITH THE  
FEAR OF THE G-MEN GNAWING AT  
HIS CRAVEN HEART! ----

**HERE IS THE ACTUAL  
ACCOUNT OF THE LAST  
AGONIZING MOMENTS OF  
HIS LIFE!**



# HEADLINE COMICS

THE BEGINNING OF THE END CAME IN OCTOBER, 1934



THAT BLASTED CAR WOULD BREAK DOWN! I WONDER HOW FAR WE'VE GOT TO GO TO FIND A GARAGE?!!

NOT FAR, I HOPE, PRETTY BOY! I DON'T FEEL TOO SAFE HOOFING IT LIKE THIS-- WITH THE FBI ON OUR TRAIL!

WHY DON'T YOU COOL DOWN! THERE'S NO ONE IN SIGHT FOR MILES!

WHERE THERE'S FARM HOUSES, THERE'S FARMERS! SOME-ONE'S SURE TO SPOT US!



SUPPOSE SOMEBODY REPORTS US FOR VAGRANTS? WE HAVEN'T GOT A GETAWAY CAR! THE COPS'LL NAB US FOR THE CHICAGO KILLING, PRETTY BOY! WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING FAST! WE'VE GOTTA--

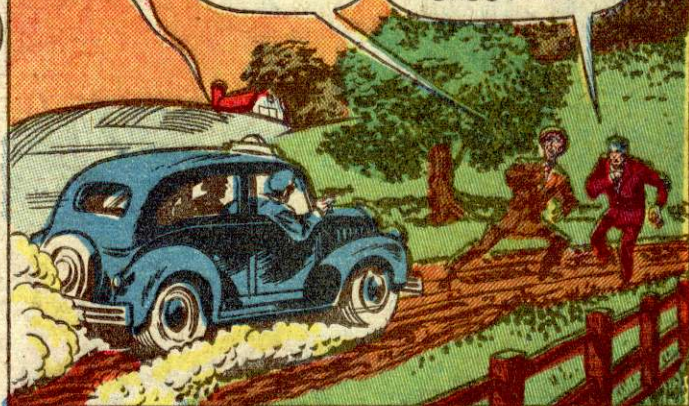
AH, DRY UP, ADAM! WE'RE OK!



HEY YOU! STOP! STAND STILL!

YIII! COPS!! SOMEBODY SAW US!

STOP BLUBBERING AND REACH FOR YOUR GAT! IT'S THEM OR US NOW! COME ON, START SHOOTING!



BAM! BAM!

YAAAH!

TAKE IT, COPPER! YOU'RE NOT TURNING IN PRETTY BOY FLOYD TODAY!

STOP, FLOYD! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

WHY NOT, COPPER? TRY AND CATCH ME--IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GETTING LOST IN THE WOODS! HA! HA! HA!



BAM! BAM!



# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

HA! HA! HA! A CLEAN GETAWAY! LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL HAVE TO LIVE LIKE A GYPSY UNTIL I CAN FIND MY WAY TO THE ROAD AGAIN...

"GYPSY FLOYD"! HA! HA! HA! G..GREAT SCOTT! **THE G-MEN!!** THAT COPPER WILL HAVE THE G-MEN DOWN AROUND MY NECK! I GOTTA HIDE DEEPER IN THE WOODS!...

IT'S GETTING DARK AND COLD... BUT I DON'T DARE GO NEAR THAT FARM... THE G-MEN MIGHT BE THERE BY NOW... I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SHUTEYE...

AS SHAKESPEARE SAID, A MAN MAY SLEEP ANYWHERE, "SLEEP PERCHANCE TO DREAM... AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!"

OKAY, POP! THIS IS A STICKUP! MAKE WITH THE GREEN STUFF!

SO LONG, CHUMP! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

NO, FLOYD!- NOT LIKE THIS-- UGHHH!

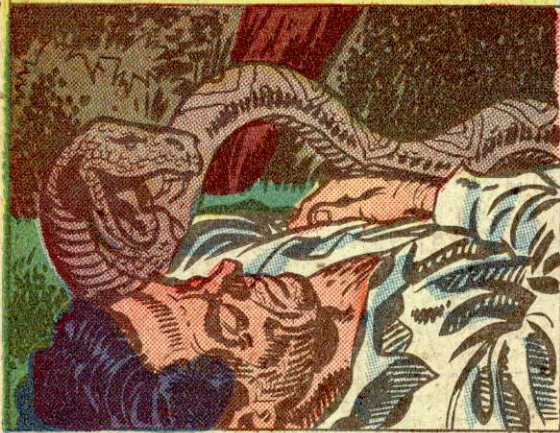
HE'S OUT COLD, PRETTY BOY, YOU'LL KILL HIM IF YOU KEEP IT UP!!

SO WHAT! THE RAT HAD IT COMING!!



# HEADLINE COMICS

PRETTY BOY FLOYD'S MORBID DREAMS MADE SLEEP A DISTURBING EXPERIENCE... HE STIRRED RESTLESSLY AS A CRAWLING HORROR OF THE FOREST MOVED CLOSER TO HIS SIDE...



AAAAA! A SNAKE! A GUY CAN'T REST ANYWHERE IN THESE WOODS!!



JUST OUTSIDE THE FARM HOUSE...

MARTHA, GO BACK TO THE HOUSE! I'LL FIND OUT WHOEVER IT IS THAT'S DOIN' THE SHOOTIN'!

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, JOHN! SOMEONE IS RUNNING THIS WAY!



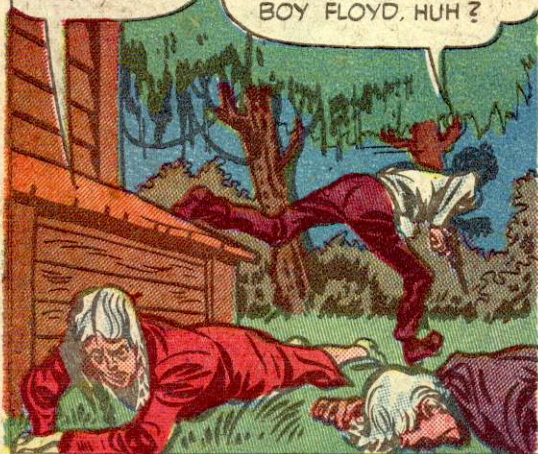
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE OLD COUPLE, FATE HAD PLACED THEM IN THE PATH OF THE HUNTED PUBLIC ENEMY, WHO, CRAZED BY FEAR AND LACK OF SLEEP, MERCILESSLY SHOT THEM BOTH IN COLD BLOOD!!

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU TWO! SCRAM!



JOHN, I-I'M HURT! HELP ME, JOHN--

GOTTA RUN! GOTTA KEEP GOING! THINK THEY CAN GET PRETTY BOY FLOYD, HUH?



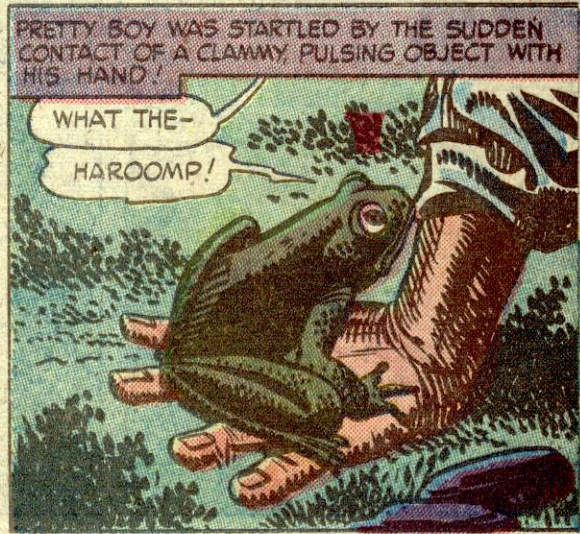
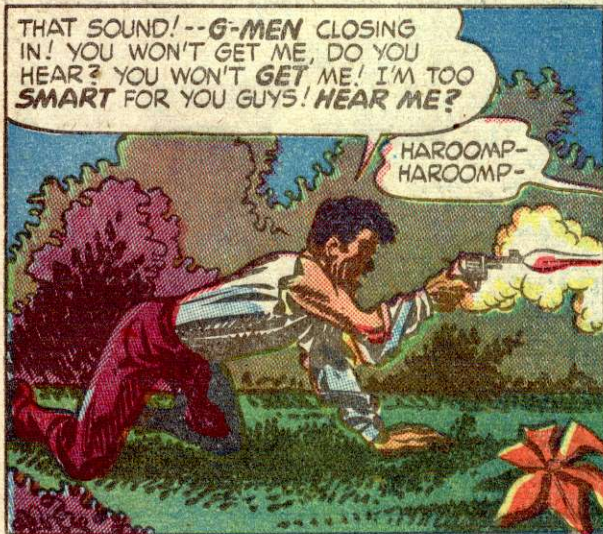
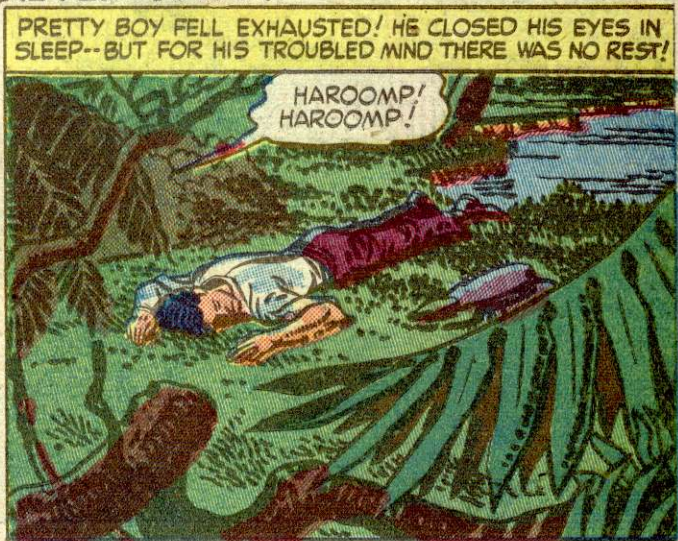
IN HIS FRENZIED DASH FOR FREEDOM, PRETTY BOY TRIPPED AND PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO A SLIMY POOL...

YAAAAA!



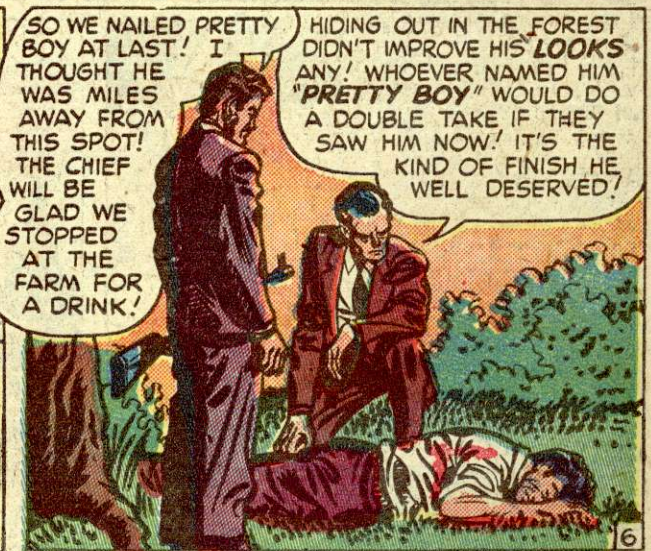
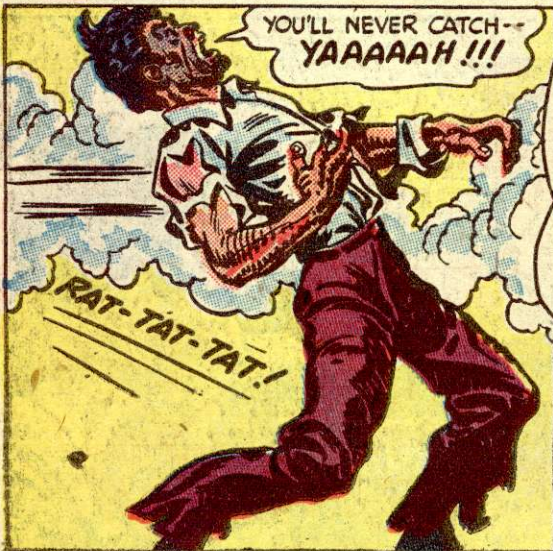
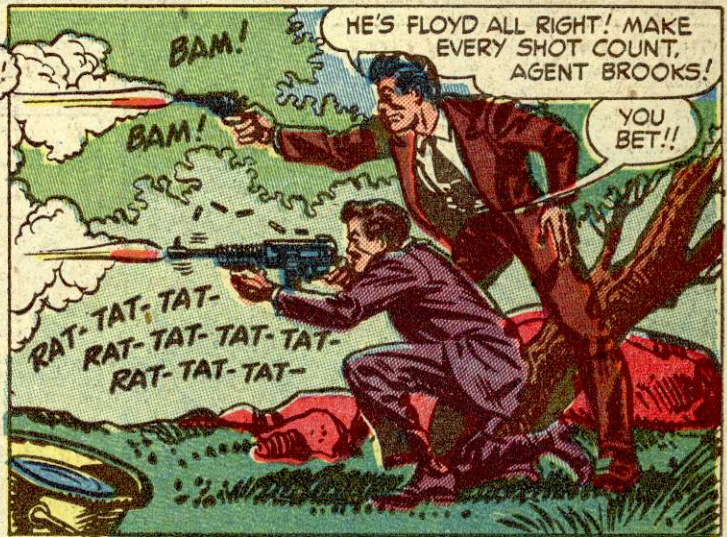
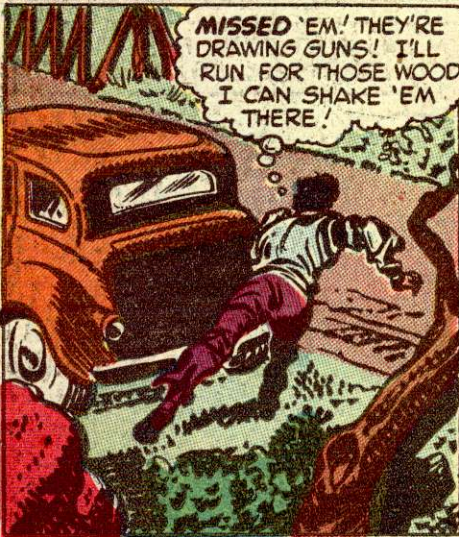
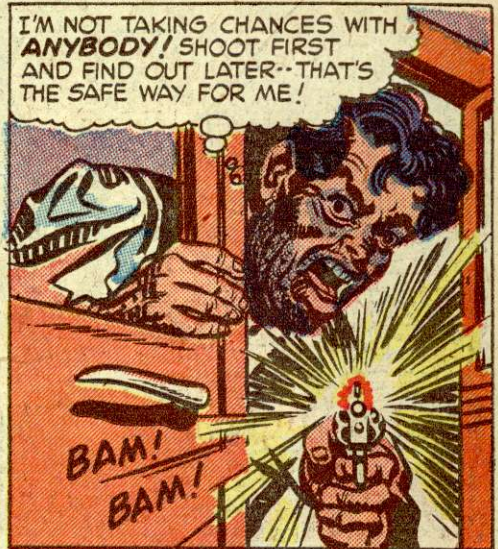
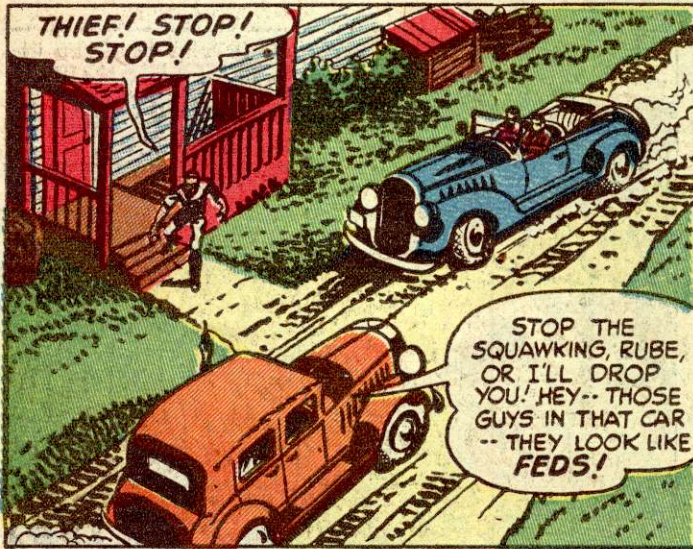


# CRIME NEVER PAYS!





# HEADLINE COMICS





**HERE IT IS!**  
**THE STORY THEY DARED US**  
**TO PRINT!!!**

**TRUE** inside  
 facts which **EXPOSE**  
 and **ACCUSE** crooked  
 boxing racketeers!

**FIGHT  
 FIX!**

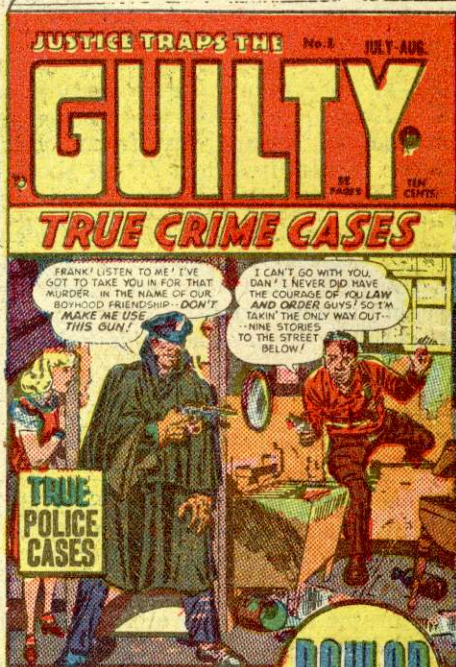
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# THE TRAP

By stealing pennies nearly twenty years ago, Oscar Lingle saved hundreds of honest men many thousands of dollars. My friend, Dr. Warren Emmet, now retired, told me all about it over a scotch and soda at our club the other night.

"I was a specialist in a large Philadelphia hospital for contagious diseases at the time," said Dr. Emmet. "And this old codger, who just brought us our drinks, looks enough like old Oscar Lingle to have been his twin brother."

"Maybe he is Oscar Lingle," I said

"No. Old Oscar died in prison, but he was an unwitting benefactor of the human race just the same."

"That hardly seems possible," I said, knowing that my friend needed priming like a gasoline engine on a cold morning.

Dr. Emmet smacked his lips, whether over the drink or the anticipation of proving me wrong, I couldn't tell.

"I was in charge of the lungers, the tubercular ward," he said. "And Oscar Lingle was a janitor in charge of the locker room. And that was some locker room."

At his point Dr. Emmet threw back his big head of iron-gray hair and his deep blue eyes sparkled with memories.

"A big locker room, huh?"

"Big? Over three hundred lockers. And would you believe it? All those lockers and not a single lock."

This time I threw back my head and laughed. "Statistics show," I said, "that doctors and preachers are high up on the list among the victims of confidence men."

"I can well believe it. But look, we all knew each other. Answered to our first names. There was a close fellowship on our staff. Well, anyway, whether we were unduly careless or not, I began to miss small sums of money out of my clothing. But you know how it is. You're not sure at first if you counted your change correctly or, if you did, the amount seems too small, too petty to complain about."

"And," I said, "you have a natural reluctance to suspect your friends."

"Exactly. And this Oscar Lingle was more than just a friend to the doctors in that hospital. He was constantly doing little favors for us,

going out of his way beyond the call of duty as they say in the armed services. No, Oscar was the last man we'd be suspicious about. What I dreaded was the thought that it was probably some colleague afflicted with kleptomania or worse."

"So what happened?"

"Well, one day, when it seemed to me that I missed nearly a dollar in small change, I decided to mention the matter in the presence of the other doctors at my table for lunch. And you should have heard the hubub. Every man, Jack of them declared that the same thing had been happening for several months to them. And they had felt the same reluctance I did to say anything."

"Wait a minute, Doctor," I said, pulling a pencil and some paper out of my pocket. "A CPA has to have his innings, you know. Had all the doctors been robbed?"

Dr. Emmet said, "You're getting ahead of me. We had to be tactful and discreet. But after a few days we had made the rounds and we found out that the thief, whoever he was, had played no favorites. He had dipped into all of us."

"Well, at least you knew then it wasn't one of your colleagues, unless one of them was lying."

"Which was entirely possible, but we also knew this. If it was one of us who was the thief, he'd probably lay off for a while now that the thing was being buzzed so."

"And did he?"

"He did for about a week. And then he started up again."

"Did you say anything of this to Oscar Lingle?"

"Yes. We told him to watch very carefully and help us catch the thief."

"Well, about how much would you say, Doctor, was taken from each person on an average?"

"Oh, I'd say, all the way from a few pennies to about fifty cents . . . an average, say of about ten cents per person."

I made some hasty figures on my pad. "Great Scott! That guy was making nearly \$1000 a month. He was no janitor. He was a banker. Why didn't you search him?"

A pained expression crossed the face of my friend. "Oh, we couldn't have done a thing like that to Lingle, not to Oscar. He was our friend. He'd been with the hospital longer than we had."



"So how did you ever pin the goods on dear old Oscar?"

"Well, I didn't have any more idea who the thief really as than the man in the moon, but I did have an idea about how to catch him and I proceeded to put in into action, taking a few of my colleagues into my confidence."

"But how could you tell that one of those colleagues wasn't the thief?"

"Ah! That was the special virtue of the trap that I was setting for the thief. We didn't have to catch him in the act. The mark of Cain would be on his own hands for all men to see."

I looked sharply at Dr. Emmet. His voice sounded vague and mystical. And there was a sort of nostalgic look in his eyes. But the next moment, he seemed to shake himself, like a water spaniel after a swim.

"Well," he continued, "memories come in a flood when you're old, don't they? Now where was I? Oh, yes. Just how did we trap the thief?"

"Or rather just how did you make him trap himself?"

"Exactly," said Dr. Emmet. "That neat little scheme came to me one day when I was making tests for tuberculosis. You know we used dye crystals. Well, as a matter of fact, my wife deserved at least half the credit. She's dead now, but it was the memory of her that flooded my mind just a few moments ago."

"Your wife? You mean to say that she helped you catch the culprit?"

"Well, if it hadn't been for her I would have ruined a perfectly good suit of clothes."

I shook my head. "I'm afraid the whole scheme is getting too complicated for me," I said.

Dr. Emmet reached over and tapped my knee. "Nonsense. The whole thing was as simple as an appendectomy. You see, my wife was a most resourceful woman. She had to be to put up with me. And when I told her of my plan to sprinkle dye crystals in the pocket where I kept change, she sewed a lining of oiled silk into the pocket to protect my coat against the stain of the dye."

"Now I begin to see the light," I said.

"Just wait," said Dr. Emmet. "In the immortal words of Al Jolson, 'you ain't seen nothing, yet.' The next day when I got to work at the hospital, I suddenly realized that the dye, which was ordinarily invisible, wouldn't show up on the thief's hands unless it came in contact with moisture."

"And if you don't say that the little scheme that I arranged to get moisture onto the thief's

hands without rousing his suspicions proves that the world lost a great detective when I became a doctor, then I see no hope for you."

"Well, by now I suppose you had some pretty strong suspicions, yourself, that Oscar Lingle was the man."

"Suspicious, yes. But proof, none. And there wasn't a mother's son among us who wouldn't rather have taken a strong emetic than to accuse old Oscar if he was innocent. Well, anyway, on the day when my change pocket was full of invisible dye crystals, I invited old Oscar to have dinner with me and a few of my colleagues."

"At first he was puzzled and hesitated. But when I assured him that his old friends wanted to do him an honor long past due, he was flattered and accepted with a disarming smile."

"Will I have to dress up?" he asked.

"No, no. It's informal," I said. "Just wash up and come as you are. We'll wait for you."

"There were nine of us at the table and Oscar made the tenth. But he was very late coming. And we had already started eating, when he shyly slid into his seat."

"I though you'd run out on us," I said.

"I though I'd never get my hands clean," he said. "I scrubbed and scrubbed and I still haven't got it all off."

"His hair was neatly brushed and his face shining with fresh soap, but on his thumb and first fingers were the tell-tale marks of his crime."

Doctors are a well disciplined lot. We have to be. And we all continued chatting to the end of the meal, asking pleasant questions of Oscar and receiving pleasant replies. I don't think he suspected a thing. But when we scattered after dinner two of my colleagues and I followed him with sad hearts and I confronted him with his guilt. His full confession followed before the police arrived."

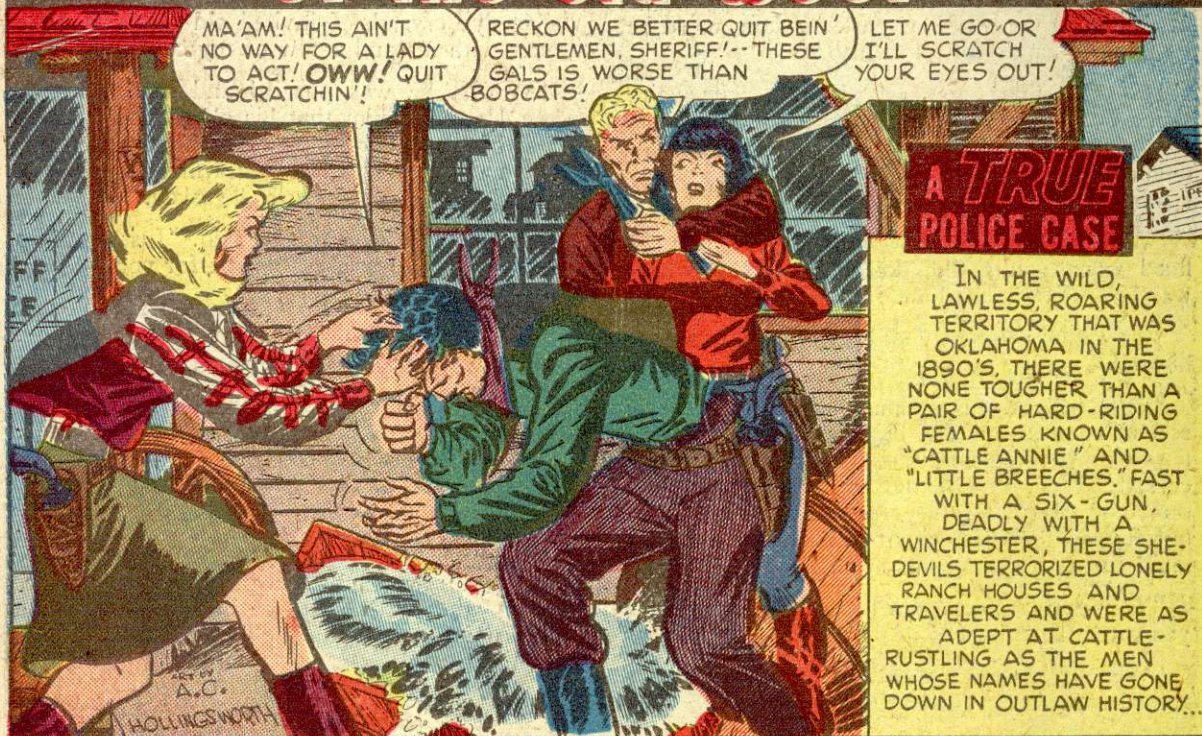
The doctor sighed, and I said, "But just how did Oscar Lingle's stealing pennies save thousands of dollars for others?"

Dr. Emmet uncrossed his legs and stood up. "Oh, that! Well, you see, the police became intensely interested in that invisible dye. For example, they've used it since to test a disease called blackmail. Sometimes that invisible dye is dusted over the paper money given to an extortionist and also on crates of merchandise in plundered warehouses."

THE END



# "Cattle Annie" AND "Little Breeches" THE FEMALE FURIES of the old West



IT WAS A BALMY SPRING DAY IN 1892 WHEN **CATTLE ANNIE** DECIDED BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A POOR OKLAHOMA FARMER WAS NOT HER IDEA OF LIFE ....

GOSH, ANNIE, WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE **MONEY** SO YOU COULD SEND TO CHICAGO FOR THAT STUFF OUT OF THAT MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE!

SURE WOULD, LITTLE BREECHES... I'M **GOING** TO HAVE IT, TOO! I'M NOT GOING TO END UP A SOD-BUSTER'S WIFE! THERE'S **PLENTY** OF MONEY AROUND FOR ANYONE WHO'S HANDY WITH A **COLT!**

**ANNIE!** YOU MEAN GO OUT AND **ROB** PEOPLE? BUT...BUT... WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A **GUN!**

I CAN RUSTLE UP A GUN! I THINK YOU AND ME COULD DO AS GOOD AS SOME OF THESE **MEN** OUTLAWS!





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

CATTLE ANNIE HAD A READY CONVERT IN HER PAL, LITTLE BREECHES!... LATE THAT NIGHT, IN THE SOD. FARMHOUSE ANNIE CALLED HOME....

SORT OF HATE TO WALK OUT WITHOUT EVEN TELLING THE FOLKS GOODBYE, BUT THAT "POOR-BUT-HONEST" LINE SURE DON'T APPEAL TO ME NO MORE! I'M SWITCHING OVER TO "THE ONE THAT HOLDS THE GUNS GETS THE GOODS"!



THIS MAKES ME EQUAL TO EVEN THAT GOLIATH GUY THE PREACHER TALKS ABOUT! WONDER WHERE THEM CARTRIDGES IS?



SURE AIN'T MUCH OF A SHOOTING IRON! THE CYLINDER ROCKS MORE THAN GRANNIE'S ROCKING CHAIR! ONLY FOUR CARTRIDGES, TOO! BUT I BET LITTLE BREECHES AND ME WILL HAVE SOME REAL FANCY FUN BY TOMORROW NIGHT!



ACCORDING TO PLAN THE PAIR MET AT BLACK BEAR CREEK SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT...

THIS IS A BIG MOMENT, LITTLE BREECHES... SHAKE ON OUR FUTURE! FROM NOW ON THERE'LL BE NO LACK OF MONEY FOR US!

YEAH--SURE, ANNIE!-- ONLY-- WELL, HOW ARE WE GONNA START?--I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS OUTLAW BUSINESS!



YOU CAN HANDLE A GUN! THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW. NOW, LOOK, I GOT OUR FIRST JOB ALL FIGURED! WE'RE GOING OVER NEAR SIPPLE'S FORD!



THE TRAIL NEAR SIPPLE'S FORD, JUST AFTER SUN-UP...

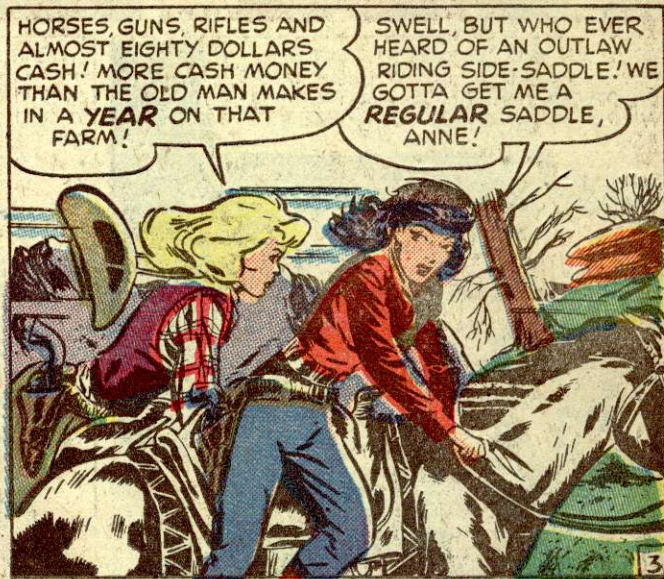
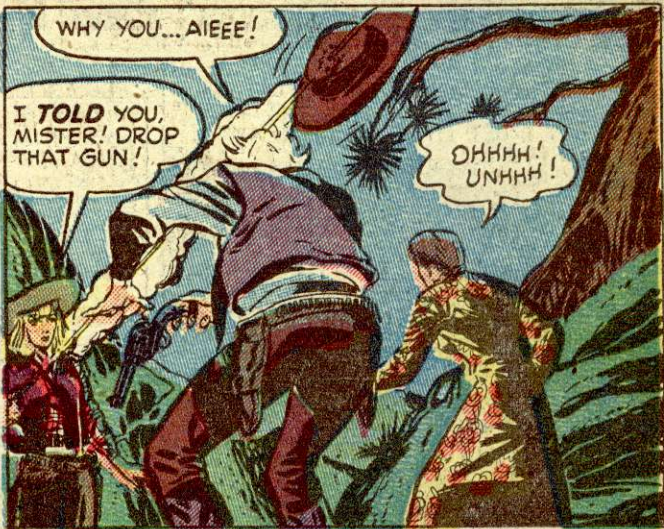
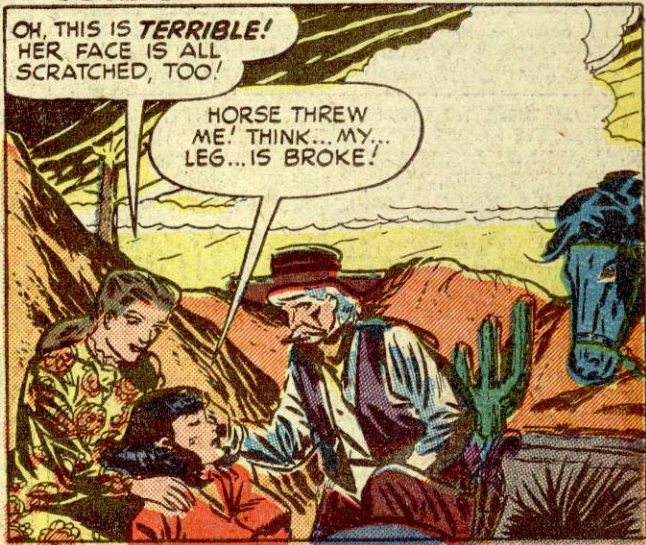
SEE, LIKE I TOLD YOU-- A COUPLE! AND NO ONE ELSE WITHIN MILES! NOW HUSTLE DOWN TO THE TRAIL AND ACT LIKE WE PLANNED!

ALL RIGHT, ANNIE! I'LL DO EVERYTHING RIGHT!





# HEADLINE COMICS





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

EXHIBITING ALL THE GUNNING OF WILD ANIMALS, ANNIE AND LITTLE BREECHES WAYLAID LONELY TRAVELERS, ROBBED ISOLATED FARMHOUSES... BUT THE RETURNS DIDN'T SATISFY EITHER ONE OF THEM...

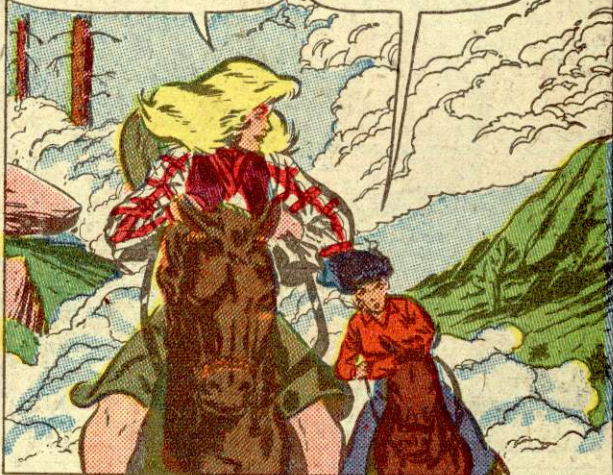
NOW IF WE COULD CUT ABOUT TWENTY HEAD OUT OF THAT HERD WE'D MAKE SOME REAL **RESPECTABLE** MONEY!

IF WE COULD SELL THEM OFF, WE **WOULD!**



YOU REMEMBER WHAT OLD WHISKERS FAINT AT THE DOUBLE X OUTFIT TOLD US, DON'T YOU?

WHY, SURE! HE SAID **HE'D** BE WILLING TO BUY... WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



**YAHOO!** GET OVER THERE, YOU MISERABLE CRITTERS! YIPPEE!

BOX 'EM IN! I'LL HANDLE THEM ON THIS SIDE!



A BLIND CANYON NEAR THE DOUBLE X RANCH THE NEXT DAY...

NINETEEN HEAD AT TEN DOLLARS! \$190 TOTAL... YOU TWO ARE COMING RIGHT ALONG! THEY TOLD ME AT THE SETTLEMENT THE OTHER DAY YOU GOT HALF THE RANCHERS HEREABOUTS SCARED TO LEAVE THEIR WOMEN FOLKS AT HOME ALONE!

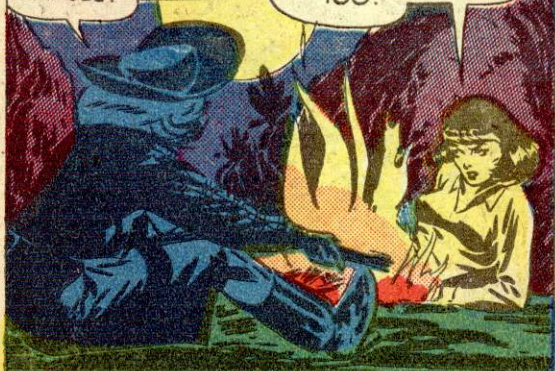
WELL, THEY'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH LONG AS WE CAN MAKE **THIS** KIND OF MONEY RUSTLING CRITTERS!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE GIRLS SAT AT THEIR CAMPFIRE...

YOU HEARD WHAT OLD FAINT SAID PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT US? ANNIE, WE'RE **SOMEBODY** NOW! PARTICULARLY WITH THIS CATTLE RUSTLING ANGLE!

YEAH, WE'RE GOOD! **PLENTY** GOOD! BUT DON'T **OVER-ESTIMATE** RUSTLING! WE STILL GOT TO PULL A FEW **STICKUPS**, TOO!



GROWING INCREASINGLY BOLDER, ANNIE AND BREECHES DECIDED TO HOLD UP A PROSPEROUS GENERAL STORE NEAR THE OSAGE RESERVATION...

RECKON YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR! GET THEM HANDS UP AND STEP BACK TO THE WALL!

THIS GUY IS LIABLE TO BE TOUGH! **SHOOT** HIM IF HE DON'T MOVE SMART!

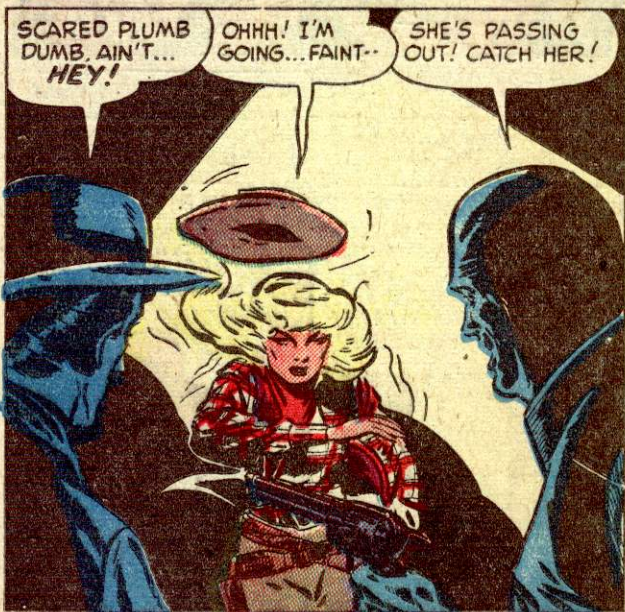
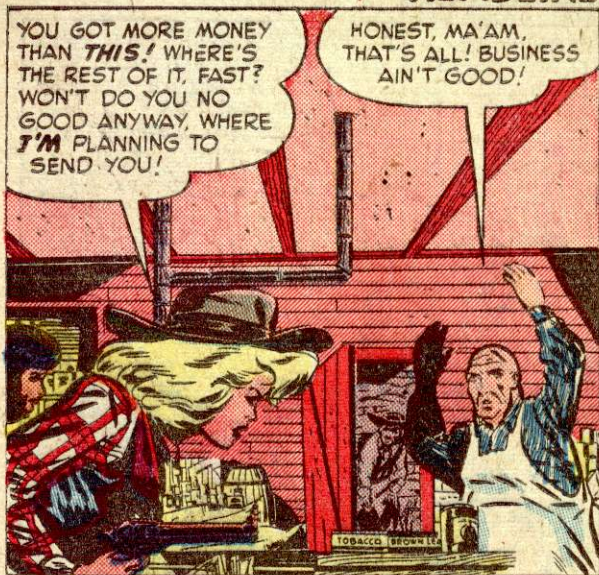
DON'T WORRY! I'D LOVE TO SHOW ONE OF THESE CHARACTERS JUST HOW FAST I AM WITH A GUN!

GULP! CATTLE ANNIE, AND LITTLE BREECHES! -- YES, MA'AM! I AIN'T ARGUING!



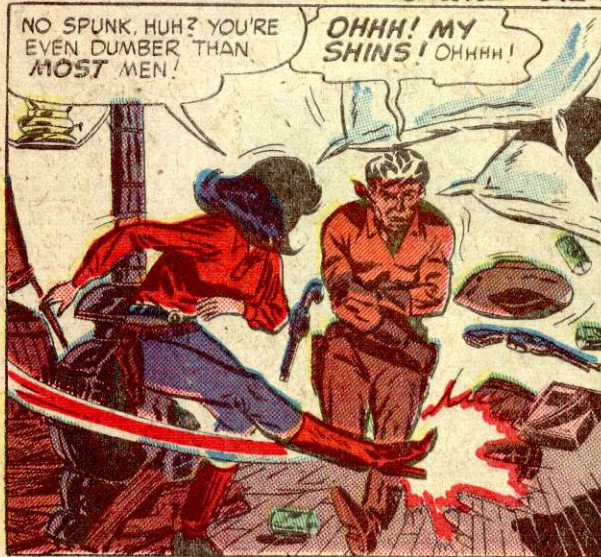


# HEADLINE COMICS





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!



NO SPUNK, HUH? YOU'RE EVEN DUMBER THAN MOST MEN!

OHHH! MY SHINS! OHHHH!



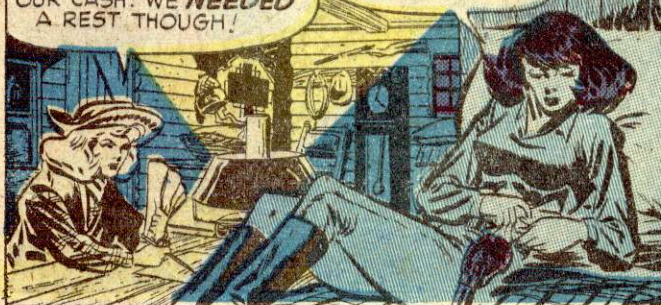
WE'LL BE BACK! NEXT TIME BE MORE POLITE OR THE UNDERTAKER WILL HAVE A DOUBLE FUNERAL!

REMEMBER US... WE DON'T EVER GET CAUGHT!

UNDAUNTED BY THEIR CLOSE ESCAPE THE PAIR CONTINUED TO STRIKE AND RUN... THEN IN 1893, THEY LAID LOW FOR SEVERAL MONTHS...

WE AIN'T DONE BAD, BREECHES! BUT THIS LAYOFF COST US ALL OUR CASH! WE **NEEDED** A REST THOUGH!

I WISH WE COULD KNOCK OFF **ONE REAL BIG HAUL** AND THEN SKIP THE COUNTRY!



BREECHES, YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA! LOOK, HOW ABOUT OLD LORTON'S PLACE? REMEMBER WHAT WE HEARD ABOUT HIM KEEPING OVER TEN THOUSAND IN GOLD HID AROUND THE RANCH HOUSE!

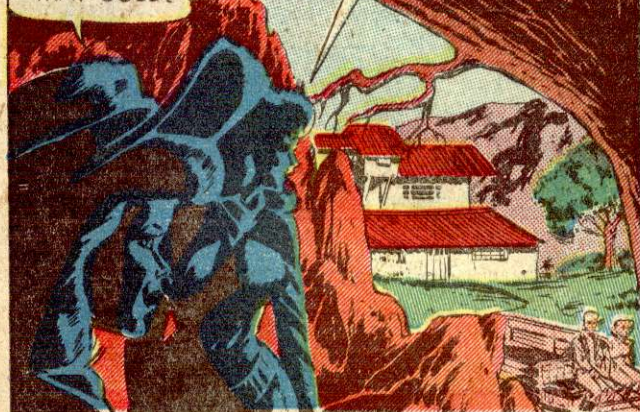
YEAH, AND HE'S AN OLD MAN! NOT EVEN ANY HANDS AROUND THE PLACE! JUST HIM AND HIS WIFE!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN A THICKET NEAR THE LORTON RANCH HOUSE...

WHAT LUCK! THEY'RE GOING TO TOWN! WHY, WE CAN TAKE ALL DAY TO LOOK FOR THAT GOLD!

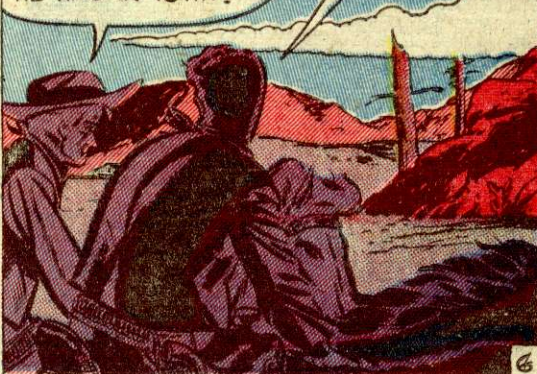
SOME DAYS YOU REALLY GET THE BREAKS, DON'T YOU!



BUT, SEVERAL MILES AWAY, U.S. DEPUTIES, GRANDMAN AND BARKER, REMEMBERED SOMETHING.....

GRANDMAN... WASN'T TODAY THE DAY OLD LORTON ASKED US TO KIND OF KEEP AN EYE ON HIS PLACE WHILE HE WAS IN TOWN?

YES, IT WAS! RECKON NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO HEAD THAT WAY!





# HEADLINE COMICS

BACK AT THE RANCH HOUSE...

WE'VE ABOUT TURNED THIS PLACE UPSIDE DOWN! RECKON HE BURIED THAT GOLD OUTSIDE SOMEPLACE!

I'M WONDERING IF HE EVER **HAD** ANY! MAYBE THE WHOLE THING WAS A LIE! YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE TALK!



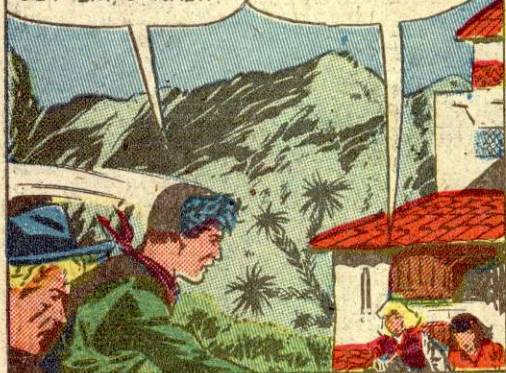
NOPE, NOTHING.. **WHAT'S THAT?**

**HORSES!** MORE THAN ONE! LET'S DIG OUT OF HERE!



**CATTLE ANNIE AND LITTLE BREECHES!** GET 'EM, BARKER!

U.S. DEPUTIES! BAH! I'VE ALWAYS **WANTED** TO PLUG A DEPUTY!



DROP THAT GUN, ANNIE! I'D HATE TO HAVE TO HIT A 'WOMAN'!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO MORE THAN TALK TO HOLD **ME!**



LET GO OR I'LL PULL YOUR SCALP OFF YOU BIG WALRUS!

I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!

OWW! QUIT CLAWING OR I'LL CLUB YOU



SOON...

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY I HAD TO HIT A LADY!

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET! THESE **WILDCATS** AREN'T LADIES!



THEIR LUCK RUN OUT, CATTLE ANNIE AND LITTLE BREECHES FOUND OUT THAT BEING A POOR FARM WOMAN WAS A LOT BETTER THAN BEING CRIMINALS! STERN TERRITORIAL JUDGES REFUSED TO BE SOFTENED BY FEMININE TEARS AND SENTENCED BOTH OF THEM TO A FEDERAL PRISON FOR WOMEN IN FRAMINGHAM, MASS...



**A  
TRUE  
POLICE  
CASE!**

# THEY KIDNAPPED THE PAROLE BOARD!

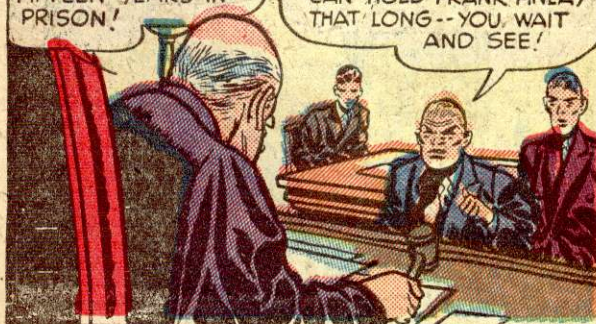


FINLAY-- YOU OWE SOCIETY A BIG DEBT FOR YOUR LONG LIST OF UNPARDONABLE CRIMES... THAT'S WHY I'M SENTENCING YOU TO FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON!

-- DON'T MAKE ME  
LAUGH, JUDGE ---  
HERE AIN'T A JUG  
THE COUNTRY THAT  
HOLD FRANK FINLAY  
LONG-- YOU WAIT  
AND SEE'

WHY SO THOUGHTFUL,  
FINLAY? -- FIGURING OUT  
A WAY TO JUMP  
THE TRAIN  
MAYBE?

DON'T WORRY!...  
WHEN I GET READY  
TO DUCK OUT I'LL  
TRAVEL IN **STYLE**,  
COPPER!





# HEADLINE COMICS



ALL RIGHT, FINLAY  
--PRESS DOWN  
HARD-- WE WANT  
A GOOD COPY OF  
THOSE FINGERPRINTS--

WHY NOT?--  
YOU'LL WANT  
**SOME** KIND  
OF SOUVENIR AFTER  
I'VE LEFT  
THIS DUMP  
BEHIND!

YOU WON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY ABOUT  
FASHION STYLES  
FOR A LONG TIME.  
FINLAY-- THESE  
NEW DUDS'LL  
KEEP YOU UP  
TO THE MINUTE  
AS LONG AS  
YOU'RE AROUND!

DON'T WORRY  
--THEY'LL BE  
BACK ON THE  
SHELF BEFORE  
I GET THE  
CREASE OUT  
OF 'EM!-- I  
GUESS YOU  
GUYS DON'T  
KNOW A **BIG**  
**SHOT** WHEN  
YOU SEE ONE, EH?



FINLAY-- I'M  
LOCKING YOU  
UP WITH CLYDE  
STEVENS--AND  
I DON'T WANT  
ANY TROUBLE  
OUT OF  
EITHER ONE  
OF YOU  
GUYS!

YOU AIN'T  
TALKIN' TO  
ANY KID  
WARDEN ---  
YOU'RE TALKIN'  
TO FRANK  
FINLAY-- I CAN  
TAKE CARE OF  
MYSELF AND ANY  
OTHER MUGG WHO  
GETS IN MY WAY!



I TELL YOU I'M NOT STAYING  
IN STIR A MINUTE LONGER  
THAN I CAN HELP-- THERE  
MUST BE **SOME** WAY OF  
BREAKIN' OUT!

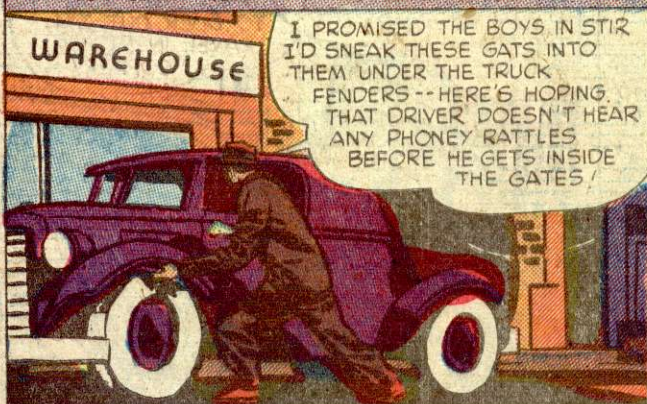
SURE, FINLAY,  
SURE-- THE **HARD**  
WAY-- LIKE I'M  
GETTIN' OUT-- **BY**  
**PAROLE**, AFTER  
BEING A GOOD BOY FOR  
SEVEN YEARS!-- AND SO  
IS AL KESSEL IN THE  
NEXT CELL!



LISTEN, STEVENS-- PLAY  
BALL WITH ME AND I'LL  
GET YOU ALL THE DOUGH  
YOU NEED ON THE  
OUTSIDE-- YOU'VE GOT  
TO GET ME OUT  
OF HERE!

KESSEL AND I ARE  
OPEN TO OFFERS.  
FINLAY-- AS LONG AS  
YOU CAN TELL US  
WHERE TO PICK UP  
THE DOUGH IN ADVANCE.

JANUARY 11, 1935-- CLYDE STEVENS PAROLED FROM PRISON AND ALREADY SOUGHT FOR A FRESH BAY DISTRICT BANK ROBBERY, WAITED PATIENTLY IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL THE CIVILIAN DRIVER OF THE PRISON DELIVERY TRUCK DISAPPEARED INTO THE WAREHOUSE NOT FAR FROM THE PENITENTIARY.



WAREHOUSE

I PROMISED THE BOYS IN STIR  
I'D SNEAK THESE GATS INTO  
THEM-- UNDER THE TRUCK  
FENDERS-- HERE'S HOPING  
THAT DRIVER DOESN'T HEAR  
ANY PHONEY RATTLES  
BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE  
THE GATES!

NEXT DAY, FRANK FINLAY WHO WAS NOW TRUSTY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE UPKEEP OF THE TRUCK, MOVED TOWARD THE VEHICLE WITH UNUSUAL ENTHUSIASM AS IT PULLED UP IN THE PRISON GARAGE.

THE MOTOR SEEMS TO  
HAVE DEVELOPED A  
STRANGE KNOCK,  
FRANK-- WISH YOU  
WOULD CHECK IT!

DON'T WORRY,  
PAL-- I'LL HAVE  
THAT TAKEN CARE  
OF IN NO TIME!





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

OH-OH--HERE COMES THE PAROLE BOARD LIMOUSINE-- THIS ARTILLERY DIDN'T ARRIVE A MINUTE TOO SOON--IF I CAN ONLY GET IT CIRCULATED SOON ENOUGH!

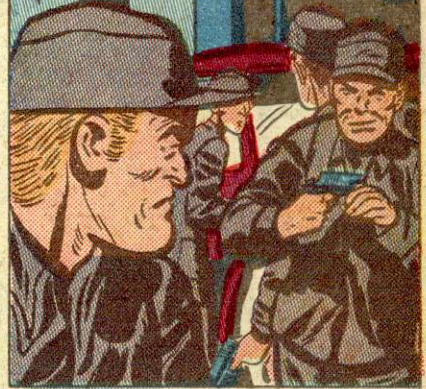
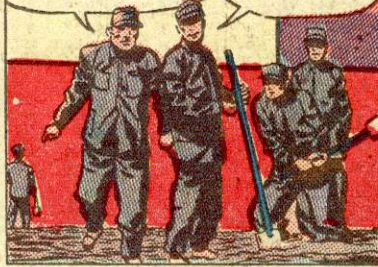
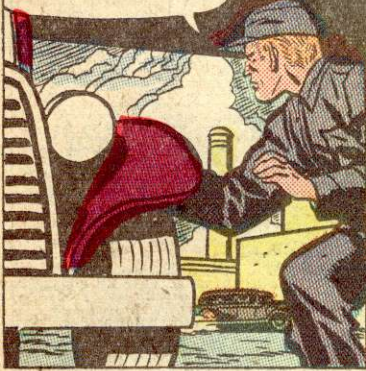
JUST OUT OF EARSHOT OF THE ALERT GUARDS, FINLAY SPREAD THE LONG-AWAITED WORD IN CODE TO THREE OTHER CONVICTS WHO WERE IN ON THE PLOT---

ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGGS-- THOSE GARDEN TOOLS YOU BEEN WAITING FOR ARE IN THE TRUCK--PICK 'EM UP YOURSELVES!

WID PLEASURE, BIG BOY!

WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME--THE PAROLE BOARD'S ALREADY IN SESSION!

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR--LET'S GO!



HALTED BY A GUARD ENROUTE TO THE PAROLE OFFICE ONE OF THE MEN PRODUCED A MEANINGLESS PIECE OF PAPER, WHILE ANOTHER CIRCLED BEHIND HIM WITH A BLACKJACK...

AND WHERE DO YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WE GOT SOMETHING HERE FOR THE WARDEN, GUARD-- LOOK!



DON'T STRAIN YOUR EYES, NOSEY-- 'CAUSE YOU WON'T FIND ANY GOOD READIN' THERE!

BOP!



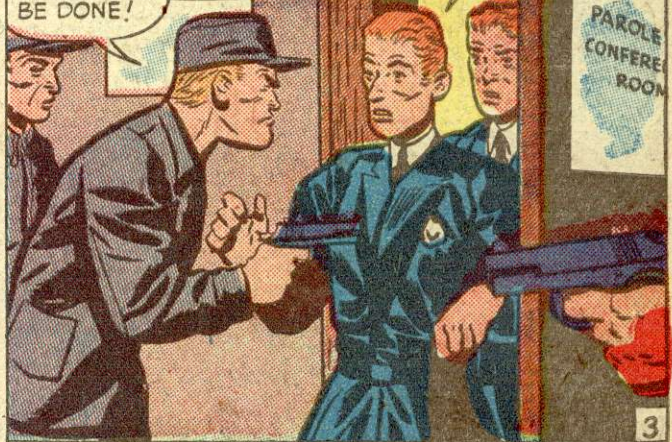
WE'LL JUST FILE BUSTER IN THIS WATER CLOSET TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY!

HURRY--WE WANT TO CATCH THE BOARD IN SESSION BEFORE IT KNOCKS OFF FOR LUNCH!



GET BACK IN THERE, PUNKS-- WE HAVEN'T TIME TO TAKE CARE OF **YOU** NOW--THERE'S **WORK** TO BE DONE!

HEY-- WHAT--?



PAROLE CONFERENCE ROOM



# HEADLINE COMICS



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS--YOU FOOLS!

SHUT UP--AND LISTEN TO ME-- WHERE'S THE WARDEN?



HE'S DOWN AT HIS OFFICE TAKING A PHONE CALL!

THAT'S FINE--MONK'LL HANDLE HIM WHEN HE COMES BACK-- THE REST OF YOU GUYS TAKE OFF THOSE DUDS RIGHT AWAY-- AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



ALL RIGHT--NOW TOSS YOUR CLOTHES OVER HERE-- WHILE WE'RE PUTTIN' 'EM ON YOU'RE GONNA STEP INTO THESE **CONVICT SUITS**-- GET ME?

PREPOSTEROUS!--YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, THE HOMICIDAL CONVICTS HAD CHANGED THEIR APPEARANCE FROM PRISON INMATES TO RESPECTABLE CITIZENS--

NOW WE'RE BEGINNING TO GET SOMEWHERE-- SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS-- THERE'S STILL WORK TO BE DONE!

YEAH--THERE'S STILL A SMALL MATTER OF GETTING THROUGH THOSE GATES WITHOUT GETTING SHOT UP LIKE A PIECE OF SWISS CHEESE!

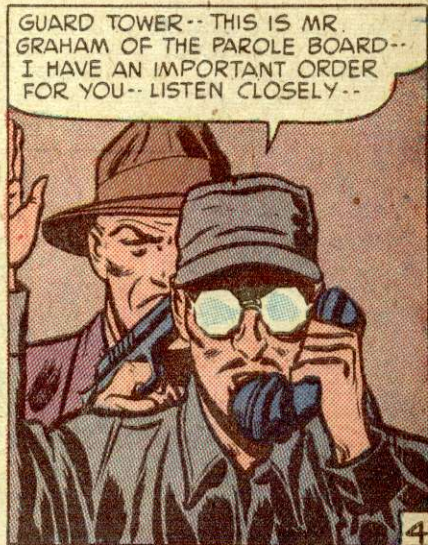


DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT--LITTLE FRANKIE HAS GOT EVERYTHING ALL FIGURED OUT-- WAIT AND SEE-- THEY WON'T FIRE A SINGLE ROUND FROM THOSE GUARD TOWERS WHEN WE GET READY TO LEAVE!



FRANK FINLAY'S NEXT ORDER WAS-- AT JAMES GRAHAM, SECRETARY OF THE PAROLE BOARD...

**YOU-- GET ON THAT TELEPHONE-- CALL THE GUARD TOWER AND JUST SAY TO 'EM WHAT I TELL YOU-- AND NO MORE!**



GUARD TOWER-- THIS IS MR. GRAHAM OF THE PAROLE BOARD-- I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ORDER FOR YOU-- LISTEN CLOSELY--



# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

WE'RE DRIVING THROUGH THE GATES IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE WARDEN'S CAR-- THERE WILL BE CONVICT GUNS IN OUR BACKS-- DO NOT OPEN FIRE OR WE'LL ALL BE KILLED-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



HOW D'YA LIKE THAT-- SOME INMATES HAVE **KIDNAPPED THE WHOLE PAROLE BOARD**--AND THEY'RE RIDING OUT WITH THEM AS A SHIELD!



WE DON'T DARE FIRE--ALL WE CAN DO IS WARN THE SHERIFF TO BE READY FOR 'EM WITH A POSSE!

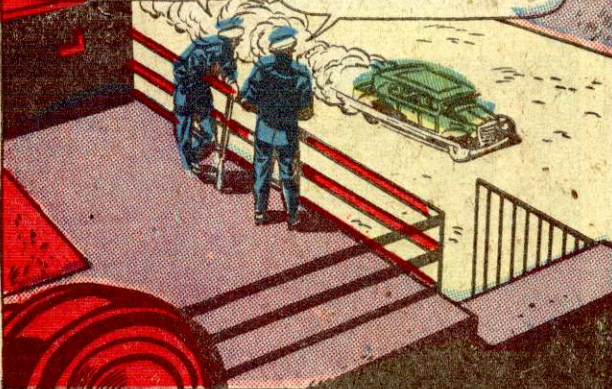
AS CASUALLY AS THOUGH THEY WERE PERFORMING A DAILY PRISON CHORE, THE DISGUISED CONVICTS ORDERED THEIR HOSTAGES TO JAM THEMSELVES IN THE WARDEN'S CROWDED SEDAN...

ONE OF THE GUARDS WILL DRIVE-- I'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED-- NOW LET'S START THAT MOTOR AND GET AWAY!



I'D GIVE MY LEFT ARM TO FILL THAT CAR FULL OF SLUGS-- IF ONLY THOSE PAROLE MEMBERS WEREN'T WITH 'EM!

MAYBE YOU DON'T THINK THOSE MUGS DON'T KNOW THAT--BUT THEY'LL HAVE A POSSE HOT ON THEIR TRAIL AS SOON AS THEY GET OUT!



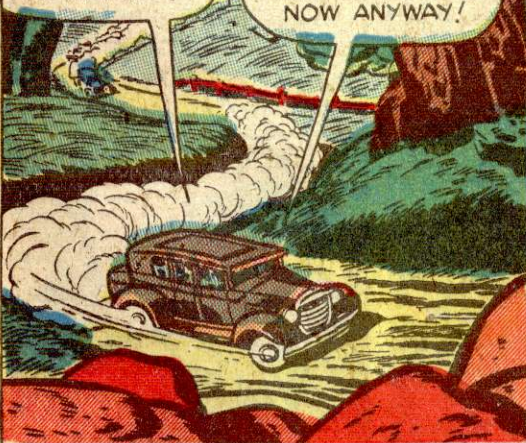
SO FAR SO GOOD, DRIVER-- NOW GET THIS BUGGY ROLLING UP AROUND 65 PER-- WE'RE GOING THROUGH SAN RAFAEL AND ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE SO FAST THEY WON'T EVEN **RECOGNIZE US!**

IF THE DRAWBRIDGE IS NOT UP, YOU MEAN-- OTHERWISE YOU'LL BE OUT OF LUCK!



HEY--IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S ALREADY ON OUR TRAIL-- AND GAINING!

DON'T WORRY-- WE'LL FIX **THAT!** -- WE GOT TOO MANY IN THE CAR NOW ANYWAY!



BRINGING THE GETAWAY CAR TO A SCREECHING HALT, FRANK FINLAY ORDERED SECRETARY GRAHAM AND THE TWO CAPTURED GUARDS OUT OF THE CAR WITH GRIM INSTRUCTIONS...

NOW---I WANT YOU TO STOP THAT POSSE COMING UP BEHIND US-- TELL 'EM IF THEY EVER WANT TO SEE THE REST OF THE PAROLE BOARD ALIVE TO LAY OFF OUR TRAIL-- GOT THAT?

I'LL TELL 'EM!





# HEADLINE COMICS

GRIM-FACED MEMBERS OF THE POSSE LISTENED TO THE FUGITIVES' RELAYED MESSAGE... BUT THE INSTRUCTIONS ONLY INCREASED THEIR EAGERNESS TO OVERTAKE THE DESPERADOES--

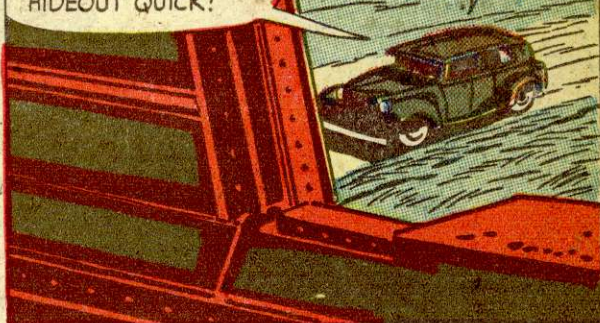
I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'LL BE DOUBLING BACK ON THE OTHER MAIN HIGHWAY SOON--AND WHEN THEY DO, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THEM--- LET'S GO!



THE SHERIFF'S HUNCH WAS BASED ON SOUND LOGIC!-- THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF CROSSING THE RIVER AS LONG AS THE DRAWBRIDGE WAS UP!

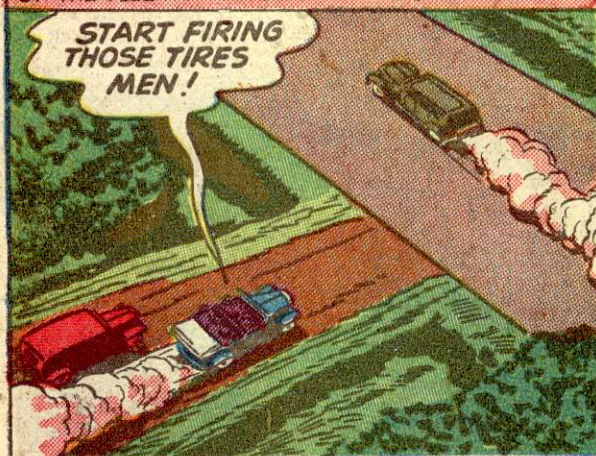
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN OUR LUCK WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST--WITH THAT BRIDGE UP WE'LL HAVE TO SWING AROUND AND FIND A HIDEOUT QUICK!

WELL, LET'S GO!-- THAT POSSE WON'T HOLD BACK FOREVER!



SO ACCURATE WAS THE SHERIFF'S CALCULATION ON THE DETOUR THAT THE POSSE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING CAR SCARCELY 200 YARDS BEHIND

START FIRING THOSE TIRES MEN!



AS THE CONVICT CAR TOOK A SUDDEN WILD LURCH, FRANK FINLAY BEGAN BARKING DESPERATE INSTRUCTIONS---

THERE GOES THE OTHER REAR TIRE-- WHEN I SLOW DOWN TO 25 WE'RE ALL GOING TO JUMP FOR IT-- AND HIDE IN THAT CREAMERY!



LIKE PARACHUTISTS LEAVING A PLANE, THEY JUMPED FROM THE LURCHING CAR IN GROUPS... ROLLING DOWN A STEEP EMBANKMENT AS POSSE BULLETS WHINED OVERHEAD.

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS!-- BEELINE IT FOR THE CREAMERY --ALL OF YOU!

THOSE CONVICTS CAN'T HOLD US NOW--WE CAN HIDE OUT IN THE TALL GRASS UNTIL THE POSSE GETS HERE!

IF WE DON'T GET SHOT BY ACCIDENT OR OTHERWISE IN THE MEANTIME-- IN THESE CONVICT CLOTHES!

THERE'S ONE, SHERIFF--DON'T MOVE, YOU RATS--OR I'LL DRILL YOU!

SHERIFF! HOLD FIRE-- THAT'S HAL BURKE OF THE PAROLE BOARD-- DON'T SHOOT!



GOOD THING YOU CALLED OUT IN TIME-- NOW WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON OUR REAL TARGETS IN THE CREAMERY!

THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF WEAPONS --SO WATCH OUT!--





# CRIME NEVER PAYS!

THE CONVICTS' FIRE POWER WAS SCARCELY TAKEN RESISTANCE IN THE FACE OF THE FUSILLADE POURED INTO THE DESERTED BUILDING-- AND WHEN THE FUGITIVES SAW THEIR LEADER FALL THEIR FIERCENESS SUDDENLY DESERTED THEM--



A-R-R-6-H!!!

THEY'VE GOT FRANK! THEY'LL GET US NEXT!

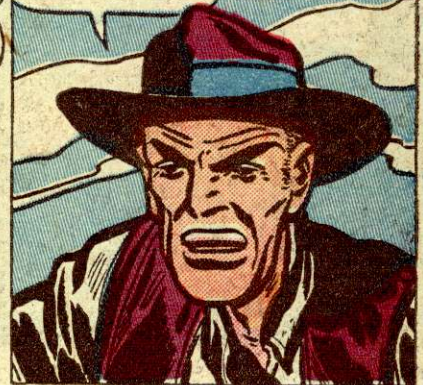
WAVING A WHITE CLOTH IN THE CREAMERY WINDOW, THE FEAR-STRIKEN CONVICTS SURRENDERED BUT THE ALERT SHERIFF WAS NOT THROUGH...

CAPTAIN MARTIN OF THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE, AND I, HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOUR OLD CELL-MATES--CLYDE STEVENS AND AL KESSEL ARE BEHIND THIS PLOT-- WHERE ARE THEY?

HOW SHOULD WE KNOW? --NOBODY GETS ANY NEWS IN STIR!



YOU'RE LYING!-- BUT THE POLICE WILL FIND STEVENS AND KESSEL IF THEY HAVE TO COMB EVERY INCH OF LAND IN THE BAY DISTRICT! --THEIR FACES FIT THE BANDIT DESCRIPTIONS IN LAST WEEK'S BANK HOLDUP!



SPURRED ON BY THE CAPTURE OF THE FOUR ESCAPED CONVICTS, CAPTAIN MARTIN RE-DOUBLED HIS EFFORTS TO CLOSE IN ON THE FUGITIVES, STEVENS AND KESSEL--BY THE END OF THE WEEK, THE DETECTIVE WAS HEARTENED BY STIMULATING NEWS---

WE'VE GOT A HOT-TIP, CAPTAIN MARTIN-- AT ONE OF THE BANDITS' FAVORITE HANGOUTS WE DISCOVERED THAT BOTH MEN ARE FANATIC **DUCK-HUNTING** ENTHUSIASTS!

GOOD WORK--OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO CHECK THE FAVORITE HUNTING SPOTS!



A GARAGE ATTENDANT AT NEARBY ANTIOCH SUPPLIED THE NEXT CLUE AFTER STUDYING PHOTOGRAPHS OF KESSEL AND STEVENS...

THESE MEN WERE IN LAST WEEK TO HAVE THEIR OUTBOARD MOTOR REPAIRED! --THEY'RE LIVING ON SHERMAN ISLAND IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY CHANNEL--



CAPTAIN MARTIN THEN SUMMONED HIS MOST EXPERT MARKSMEN AND PAINSTAKINGLY BRIEFED THEM ON THE RAIDING PLANS....

THIS IS GOING TO BE A TWO-POINT LANDING ON SHERMAN ISLAND --YOU TWO WILL STRIKE AT THE LOWER END-- I'LL HAVE A PARTY AT THE UPPER END CLOSING IN WITH A POLICE LAUNCH!

WE'VE GOT THE SMALL BOAT READY, CAPTAIN!



A COLD WIND TORE THROUGH THE TALL GRASS AND A LOW FOG HUNG OVER THE CHANNEL AS THE TWO MEN MOVED IN AFTER SUNDOWN...

SURE IS DESOLATE HERE! --I HOPE THOSE TWO TOUGHIES HAVEN'T BEEN **TIPPED OFF!**

WE'D SURE BE SITTING **THOSE** TWO HUNTERS WERE WAITING FOR US!





# HEADLINE COMICS



RILEY!-- LOOK-- HERE COMES SOMEBODY DOWN THE ROAD!

AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, IT'S OUR OLD FRIEND, **AL KESSEL!**



**YOU ON THE ROAD! HALT-- OR WE'LL SHOOT!**

**HE'S STARTING TO RUN-- I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT!**

CAPITALIZING ON THEIR EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP, THE TWO PATROLMEN WERE CAREFUL NOT TO INFLECT SERIOUS WOUNDS... THE FLEEING KESSEL WAS FELLED WITH BULLETS IN THE HAND AND LEG...



**GOT HIM!**  
--LET'S GO!

HERE COMES CAPTAIN MARTIN AND HIS POSSE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND--NOW TO FIND STEVENS!

THOUGH CAPTURED, KESSEL HAD LOST NONE OF HIS DEFIANCE---AS THE POSSE QUICKLY LEARNED---



YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE'S STEVENS? FIND HIM YOURSELF-- HE'S **WAITING** FOR YOU ALL RIGHT-- **WITH A COUPLE HUNDRED ROUNDS OF HOT LEAD!**

COME ON, MEN-- LET'S FIND THE SHACK THE GARAGE MAN TOLD US ABOUT!

CAPTAIN MARTIN'S SURRENDER ORDER WAS ANSWERED WITH A BURST OF GUNFIRE--



COME OUT, STEVENS! WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!

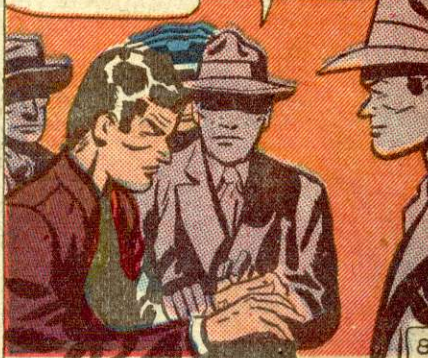
YOU CAN'T SCARE **ME**-- TAKE THAT, COPPERS!

INSTEAD OF WASTING GUNFIRE ON THE WIDELY SOUGHT FUGITIVE, MARTIN'S MEN RESPONDED WITH A BULL'S EYE TEAR-GAS BOMB THAT SENT THE ONCE-PROUD STEVENS TO HIS KNEES PLEADING FOR MERCY...



**I CAN'T SEE-- I CAN'T SEE!-- DON'T SHOOT!**  
--I GIVE UP!

YOU'RE LIKE A LOT OF **OTHER** EMPTY-HEADED LAWBREAKERS-- YOU CAN'T SEE **ANYTHING** BEYOND PREYING ON SOCIETY FOR A LIVING-- WELL, THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO REVISE YOUR PHILOSOPHY IN THE BIG HOUSE!





# Which One of these Multi-Colored Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLDS

SHALL WE SEND YOU? Take Your Choice

*America's GREATEST Value!*

INCLUDED AT  
NO EXTRA COST  
BALL POINT PEN  
KEY HOLDER  
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BALL POINT PEN  
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BILLFOLDS  
Only \$1.98



Style 536—Mexican Girl



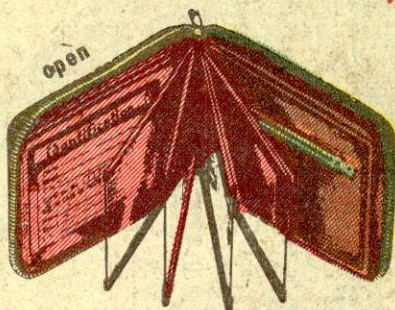
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl

**SENSATIONAL VALUE!** A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.



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**HANDIEST PEN EVER MADE**  
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Two tone all metal construction Will withstand hard use Ideal for jotting down quick notes, addresses, bridge or gin rummy scores, etc. Attached key chain handy for car or house keys.

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*It's Guaranteed*  
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**You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock**



**Colorful  
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**Realistic-looking  
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**Ornamental  
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Head  
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- ☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only \$3.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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- ☐ Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Rush me clocks @ \$3.69 each plus 20% Federal tax (\$4.43) or two clocks for \$6.95 plus 20% Federal tax (\$8.34)



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No C.O.D.

## Pistol

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parts for maximum  
**\$2.49**

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Complete plans



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Set consists of 2 steel foils (swords) 3 feet long, aluminum guard, and rubber tip. Teaches you the art of self defense same as complete instruction. Foils and rubber tip.

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Marine Rolled Gold..... \$2.95 Starting Silver..... \$2.45

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...ST AS YOU  
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...mer than most  
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...exclusion, a louder  
...metal, emit, over  
...in, deep.

**89c**

Each Gun,  
...etc. Each box contains 3 rolls,  
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**Plenty.**

A detailed illustration of a toy cap gun, shown from a side-on perspective. The gun is dark-colored with a textured surface. It features a prominent trigger guard and a slide mechanism. Two labels are visible: 'AUTOMATIC' on the upper left and 'CAP PILOT' on the upper right. The gun is positioned diagonally across the advertisement, pointing towards the bottom right.

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Bow T**

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bow tie. Has  
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bulbs in the  
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light any t  
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**Fit all regular shoes. Nothing shows. Invisible. Comfortable. Be nearly 2-in. taller, look slimmer for years. State**



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**LIVE CHAMELEON**

**SY TO KEEP**

Features. Watch it change the color of its coat as a defense. It can change its color in 15 min. long. Live **50c**

A detailed illustration of a chameleon, showing its body, long tail, and large eyes. It is positioned on the right side of the advertisement, partially overlapping the text.

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# BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads  
and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions  
and Be Thrilled with the Difference—  
Often So Much

## CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — *in fact, your money will be refunded*



*if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 403, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

